TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The dissolution of our Provincial Parliament has fixed public attention upon the chances of the Mowat Government being returned to power. It is the absorbing topic and I may be forgiven for devoting myself to it at unusual length. It is a difficult question. Even under ordinary circumstances one can never anticipate the verdict of a jury, nor is it safe to make predictions as to the result of an election. The present elections are not taking place under ordinary circumstances, but are surrounded by such influences as make unusually difficult any forecast of the result. On purely business grounds the attack to be made upon the Mowat Government is not one which will carry great weight with the ordinary hearer or reader of campaign speeches. The business of Ontario has not been conducted without scandal, but when comparisons are made with other administrations in this and other provinces or with that of the Dominion, it must be confessed that the Mowat Government has been comparatively free from proven instances of official corruption. It must also be acknowledged that in the main the personnel of the Government has been above the average: Hon. Messrs. Mowat, Fraser, G. W. Ross, Hardy and Gibson being men of acknowledged ability while Messrs. Ross and Drury are not conspicuously below par. Every effort has been made to keep the *tone* of the administration as high as possible. Those of us who have been near enough to headquarters to glance behind the scenes know the quackery of much of this religio moral pretension but it must be remembered that the truth in such matters is difficult to convey to those who cannot learn from actual observation. As U. S. Senator Ingalls once told me, it is not what is true, but what the voter can be made to believe is true, that influences an election. The rabid Tory is willing to believe evil of the Grits no matter where they may be or at what task employed; the moderate Conservative is prone to accept rumors as facts and must be convinced of the untruth of charges made against his opponents. But to divert, in considerable numbers, those who have prided themselves on the name of Reformer from their old alliance is the task before Mr. Meredith and his party. How great is the task and how are they equipped for it?

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Were the fight to be made on the lines of four years ago, the task would not be very great, enough constituencies having been won by the Grits by slender majorities to present a weak front to the Opposition if Mr. Meredith had lost no strength but had gained some on said old lines. The facts, however, contradict any such assumption. If without any change of programme Mr. Meredith had again gone to the country on the policy of four years ago he would have been weaker than before. He, in fact, has gained no intrinsic strength. True, an anti-Separate School policy was hinted at four years ago, and the Roman Catholic voters already largely the supporters of Mr. Mowat were further alienated. The alienation was not complete; Conservative Catholics still clung to their party and the French-Canadians had not been driven into the Grit fold. I know of one constituency represented in the Commons by a Conservative Catholic, in which the successful Liberal in the provincial contest did not poll, according to the estimate of his friends, more than sixty per cent of the Roman Catholic vote. This time it is held that he will poll ninety-five per cent, insuring him against defeat, though last time his majority was small. The solid massing of the French vote for Mowat will mean considerable. In Mr. Clancy's constituency and others unless there is a tidal wave of some sort it will mean the election of a Mowat man instead of a Conservative. Exceptional circumstances such, for instance, as in West Elgin, gave Mr. Meredith a supporter, where in the absence of a convulsion of some sort Mr. Mowat will this time find an adherent. It may be said that "exceptional circumstances" influence one party quite as much as the other. Ordinarily this is true but within my knowledge, which, of course, is not much more extended than your own, I find that in the last election Mr. Meredith was more especially favored than the Government. The length of this article precludes statistics and I must ask you to accept what I have to say merely as an individual opinion—the opinion of a person who has fair opportunities of information—no more.

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If it be granted that Mr. Meredith had no chance on old lines, what are his prospects in view of present feeling and on the Conservative programme of 1890? My Grit readers will at once exclaim, "None!" Yet the unusual energy and activity displayed by the Government organizers do not suggest this as the opinion of the Government itself. Such preparations in the way of preliminary meetings, county conventions and campaign funds have heretofore been almost unheard of. True a grand convention has not been held in Toronto for the simple reason that a gathering together of the clans would be a source of weakness, not strength. Such gatherings are only of sentimental value, and in this fight Mr. Mowat's only danger lies in the sentimentalism of the people.

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Wiser and more weighty writers than I can ever hope to be have warned those who wish to govern that sentiment must not be underestimated. The political cyclone of '78 was the result of an intangible something which led the majority of the electors to believe that Mr. Mackenzie was guilty of causing hard times, and Sir John, wicked and corrupt as he had been painted, could inaugurate a commercial millennium. It cannot be urged that the electors figured out the result of protection! The time was too short and the problem too complex. But Sir John got the benefit of the doubt and in he went—to the advantage of the country, I think; to its disadvantage you may think. Even yet we have not argued out the question. In this provincial election we have a much more intangible factor which must be estimated. It is the religious and race sentiment of Ontario. In Quebec a Conservative ministry was ousted by the Nationalists on the Riel cry—an issue which seemed traitorous to us, but which successfully appealed to the racial and religious impulses of the French Canadians. Is there a similar sentiment in Ontario which can be appealed to? Knowledge of the superior culture and enlightenment of our people may lead us to deny the existence of such a feeling, but does culture uproot the prejudices of race and religion, or does enlightenment eliminate the intuitive forces of human nature? Superior education sometimes leads to doubt, sometimes to a broad and liberal view, but in both cases it means a dislike of all sorts of clerical domination. When it does not have such effects it but increases the prejudices of ignorance and intensifies the intolerances of bigotry. We have Ontario before us; let us apply such reasoning to the special classes which present themselves

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Remember we are dealing with the sentimental side of politics. The doubter, as a rule, is opposed to the existing order of things, negation being his hobby his is never an influential class. Those who by education or experience have been led to view affairs in a liberal way are opposed to clericalism of every sort; they are numerous and influential. It is important to decide how they will view the issues of the coming campaign. They, we must admit, see in Mowat & Co. an abstract governing body equal if not superior to Mr. Meredith and his friends, but they are aware that the Mowat Government is centralizing power and seizing upon patronage in a way which threatens the freedom more than the finances of the province. Alexander Mackenzie was fugal but unpopular. They know that a bureaucratic power if once firmly established is never honest, never helpful, never liberal in the truest sense of the word. They know that power belonging to the people once usurped is never returned by a government before threatened defeat makes it necessary as a pledge or actual defeat as an atonement. They know that the Mowat Government has been guilty of every sin which can be grouped under these headings; that personal liberty rather than personal property is threatened by the continued rule of those who believe that so long as the electors are not flagrantly robbed of their dollars it is immaterial what becomes of their liberties, though of course we know that when we have ceased to prize our franchise we are sure to suffer in our pockets.

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Sentimentalism is strong in politics when it is aroused; materialism is almost as strong and it is always active. We can only conjecture as to what has been done or can be done to stir up the spirit of the rural voter. Previous experiments have not been altogether satisfactory, but they have been half-hearted or unintelligible. The fight which will end on the 5th of June will not be half hearted nor the issues unintelligible. It is Mr. Meredith's last chance as leader of the Opposition. No man in Canada is better loved by those who know him, or more believed in, but he would not subject himself to further defeats. His followers, because they love him and desire to make him Premier, will make a desperate struggle. Assisting them will be the fervid Protestant clergy who care nothing for Mr. Meredith or his party, but feel that their duty will be but half done if they make no effort to strike a blow at the Romish power which is understood to control the Mowat Government. The influence of the clergy in our politics is not what it used to be and I am mighty thankful. Their divine message is gentle and loving, and in their private life they may be exponents of the spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene, but when they get into politics or subjects allied to it they are, as a rule, the most fiery bigots the Lord ever let loose. In country places, however, where the opportunities for public speech as well as public speakers are few, they are still the ones most able to stir up the spirit of the people. This is a campaign, I imagine, in which they will do considerable. The Orangemen and all ultra Protestants are also on the warpath and they are armed with arguments which every elector can understand. The school question can be understood by every ratepayer who pays a school tax and his spirit can be made to burn within him at the thought that our public school system is being undermined and Protestantism threatened by a compact between the Mowat Government and the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This is something which is intelligible to him, much more so than the theory of Protection as opposed to Free Trade. There is no voter so remote from a village that he has not by this time learned the tyranny exercised by the license commissioners in order to benefit the Mowat Government. But few counties have been free from bitter disputes and lasting enmities over the division of the patronage spoils. Every defeated aspirant has talked with his friends and neighbors over the corrupt manner in which the Mowat Government have dispensed the offices at their disposal. The fights for appointments alone are the basis of a very considerable revolt throughout the province against our so-called "Christian politician." The dispensing of favors has been a growing business with the Government. Every year they have sought to so centralize power as to have more bribes to offer those who serve them faithfully, and to promise to those who will be their slaves in the future. I think the people understand this and the dangers attendant upon it. If they but think the matter over they will discern the menace to the government in having so many bribes to offer, and the danger in having the minor leaders of the people serving for a reward which when hoped for will make them unscrupulous and when received will make them independent of public opinion.

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There are still those classes which blindly follow their prejudices, and, in the majority of cases, they will hold as fervidly to their political as to their religious alliances. But if the wave ever starts rolling and religious feeling ever gets high they will join the movement to give notice to the hierarchy that in Ontario no more concessions will be made, and that past favors will be revoked if extreme measures become necessary. What I most fear in this election is that too much effort will be made by the Opposition to capture the ignorant and unthinking, though no such movement is yet discernable. If violent statements and incendiary harangues are indulged in, the thoughtful and sincere, who might otherwise vote with Mr. Meredith, will take fright and feel it their duty to resist a movement in which they otherwise would have joined. If, however, the electors are as excited with regard to papal aggression and French domination as the Equal Righter would have us believe, violent rhetoric will not be called for and a deep and almost unseen current will set in in favor of Mr. Meredith which will make him Premier of Ontario.

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The question as to whether the Opposition is justified in the course they are pursuing, I don't imagine any unbiased man will answer in the negative. Quebec has set us the example of uniting the Catholic French to obtain all they can for themselves and to prevent their neighbors from getting what is due them. Unless such a movement is resisted in this the chief province of the Dominion, French Canada will imagine that the English and Protestant forces are so disunited that Jean Baptiste may continue to act as the umpire and spoilsman in all Canadian affairs. *A united movement on the part of English-speaking and Protestant Ontario to show their unity and power is absolutely needed.* It is not only needed to teach Mr. Mowat a lesson, it is needed to prove that there is a common impulse within us. If this necessity is generally felt throughout Ontario Mr. Mowat will be defeated as Mr. Mackenzie was. Two weeks from now it will be pretty well understood what the result will be, for those watching the tide of public events will then know whether violent appeals to ignorance and bigotry are prevailing throughout the province, or whether the calm and dignified utterances of those who have no personal ill-will to our Catholic fellow-citizens, or their religion, but who are unalterably opposed to the perpetuation of a connection between Church and State, are guiding the campaign.

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The first evidence of indecent bigotry has been afforded by the *Catholic Freeman* of Kingston, supposed to be the organ of Archbishop Cleary. It publishes a mythical telegram from Mr. Meredith to Beelzebub stating that he has entered upon a crusade against Separate Schools, and desires his satanic assistance. Another telegram, supposed to be in response, from Beelzebub to Mr. Meredith, congratulates the latter upon his effort to populate the infernal regions, and promises every assistance in his power. Just a little more of this sort of thing will settle the question. If the Reformers do not succeed in gagging Archbishop Cleary and some of his fool friends, they may just as well pack their valises and get ready to vacate the Ministerial benches. As the fight thickens we may expect to seemore of such evidence of mad violence, and as long as it is confined to the hierarchy and the Government, Mr. Meredith's chances will grow astoundingly every day, but if the Opposition indulges in similar tactics and the calm and independent electors begin to think that it is a fight of bigots against political charlatans they will prefer the cause of the hypocrite to that of the persecutor of Papists.

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The Ottawa election was in the nature of a solemn warning to the Grits. It proved to them that no matter what is going to happen as the result of the Equal Rights movement in Dominion politics they are likely to get the worst of it, and after all their smartness in dodging the issue and supporting wrong measures in the House of Commons Mr. Mowat is much more likely to go out in Ontario than they are to go in in the Dominion. Nor have the Conservatives anything to congratulate themselves upon. In Ottawa, officialism, under the control of the government, was able to save Mr. Mackintosh from defeat, but if rumor is correct, the alliance between the Conservatives and Grits in the House of Commons in order to crush the Equal Rights movement had to be carried into the polling booths and Liberal votes were largely cast to save Mr. Mackintosh and defeat Mr. Hay. In Ontario there will be a three-cornered fight in but few instances, and all the strength of the Equal Rights movement will naturally be thrown against Mr. Mowat. The Ottawa election is the first indication of the turn of the tide.

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The death of Fireman Everist affords our City Council an opportunity to show whether their liberality with other people's money is

HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

caused by the log-rolling and the solicitations of personal friends or by a genuine anxiety to permit no public servant to suffer. I don't believe in pensioning men who have incurred no risk of life or limb because it is entirely optional whether they engage in the city's service or not: if they find it unprofitable they can quit it; if they don't save up enough money for their old age it is their own fault. But as in war, so it ought to be in those civic employments where a man risks his life or limbs to save public property or protect the lives of the citizens. If a policeman or fireman is killed while doing his duty it devolves upon the city to care for those dependent upon him and make their life as free from poverty and the temptation to wrong as if their breadwinner had survived. We cannot have loyal and true-hearted service unless the protectors of the public feel that, should death be the result of their devotion to duty, they are leaving those dear to them in kindly and generous hands. I think it would be much better in such cases to give the dependents upon those who have died at their post an annual allowance, than to discharge the obligation by the payment of a lump sum, which by inexperience in business may be lost and the family still come to want. Fireman Everist's family is incapable of earning at present, and a sum necessary for their entire support should be allowed them. As the children grow older and reasonable opportunities have been allowed them for education, it is only proper to expect that they shall contribute something to their own support and the amount can then properly be decreased, but it at least devolves upon the city to be paternal in its treatment of them.

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Than the Mayor there is no one in the city more able or honest. He is too much of a gentleman to believe that the Canadian Pacific Railway are not only carriers but land-grabbers. I have not entirely agreed with him in the matter of the Don agreement, but I never for a moment doubted the honesty of his intentions. It pleases me to see him making discovery, before it is too late, that the Canadian Pacific Railway proposes to appropriate that portion of our lake front that is not already occupied by the Grand Trunk. After the fairness and consideration he has shown a railway which he believed it was necessary that Toronto should favor, he is angered beyond expression to see them filling in the slips at the foot of Lorne and Bay streets. The railway had protested that it had altered its plans in order to come down the west bank of the Don, and the City Council apparently believed that it should treat the C. P. R. as if it were a widow or orphan incapable of doing its business in a regular and legitimate way, and allowed the company to seize public property because it had been told it could have it. Now that the C. P. R. are beginning to seize property which they have always been told they cannot have, the Mayor is righteously wroth. He is one of those patient men who, if forced to fight, will be a hard man to beat. His method of tackling the street railway problem has shown that when he feels it to be his duty he will carry the war from Alpha to Omaha and return. Everything we have done for the C.P.R. to assist them to get an eastern entrance has simply been used as a means to obtain access to property which they have intended to seize. I have protested against allowing them to get on the Esplanade at all until the whole question of our lake front has been decided, and I think time is justifying my position. The action of City Solicitor Biggar in this matter is to my mind that of a feeble lawyer who sticks to technicalities instead of advising his client, how best to proceed. If the city is satisfied with the way he earns his salary I presume I have no right to complain but I think that while he may be a great big lawyer he is an awfully small man, and I am even doubtful about the big lawyer part of it.

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A real estate firm with pasture land lots to sell is so incensed at what I have said withregard to the speculations which are being offered that they have taken an alleged census of the empty houses and stores, thus endeavoring to prove that the figures—figures which I gave, not as my own, but on information—that there are six thousand houses empty, are false. It is immaterial to the boomers whether there are six thousand or three thousand empty houses. I made the statement incidentally and on information which I believed to be correct while I was endeavoring to direct the attention of the public to the rottenness of real estate speculations in potato patches and pasture fields miles from the city proper. Supposing there is only one empty house in Toronto does that make town lots like those in the farms west of the Humber any more valuable? They are surely endeavoring to bolster the lands. They pretend to be friends of Toronto, and to feel grieved that what I have said has been copied in country papers. Their enterprise suggests the removal of a large number of factories from Toronto to Mimico. Are they acting as the friends of Toronto in this matter? Does anyone suspect them of being friends of anybody except themselves in this matter? Their accusation that the proprietors of SATURDAY NIGHT and the *Telegram* are running down real estate in Toronto is simply absurd. The interest of the accused newspapers in the real estate of this city is fifty fold larger than that of those who make the accusation. I have been employing all my spare time in exploring the suburbs of Toronto. One day I went out east of the Don. Away out, with scarcely a house near me, I saw scattered over the fields, almost as far as the eye could reach, houses and, what I suppose are considered, town lots, galore! And my patience was scarcely sufficient to ride far enough eastward to get to what might be considered "the country." Drive north of an evening, and after you pass Eglinton you will find electric lights put up to make the country road look like a city street. What is the scheme? To get the people to buy "town lots." What other use has an electric light so far out, unless it is to enable the cows to eat grass at night? Go west, young man, and try to grow up with the country, and there is half a day's journey before you find anything that is considered "the country" by the wild-catters. Yet speculators in suburban lots accuse me of trying to do the city an injury because I advise the public to confine their investments to the incorporated real estate—which is large enough to contain half a million people without crowding them at all—where property has not yet reached its value. If there are only three thousand empty and incompleted houses and stores in the city I am mighty glad of it, and if is to prevent the number from being increased that I have written what has appeared in these columns concerning real estate speculation. The firm which has taken this alleged census is very proud to state that there are only three hundred and eleven vacant stores in Toronto. Three hundred and eleven stores if filled would supply a good many people. Storekeepers, unlike householders, are not moving about very much. It would certainly take one hundred people—twenty families—to support a store, and from their own statement we find enough empty business places to supply over thirty thousand people more than we have to supply. But these empty stores it must be remembered are not in the business center of Toronto. There are no vacant stores in the heart of the city. Why, if they are protecting the good name of Toronto, did they not take more time to point this out? This is not very great encouragement for speculators to build more stores in the outskirts of business. Accepting the statistics—which, by the way, I am glad and proud to accept—nothing more is necessary to prove that we can quit building entirely for a year and still have plenty of houses and stores without establishing a new town beyond the Humber.

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Police protection is costing us nearly a quarter of a million dollars yearly, and it is the craze for spreading out the limits of the city which is causing the unnecessary increase. It is time to stop putting in water mains and sewers which pass huge block after block of land which is not only vacant but will be for ten years. The wild-cat speculators are no friends of Toronto. As far as I am concerned I have opened the eyes of the public with regard to suburban speculation, and I am done.

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Farmer Morrison's murder of three of his five children followed by his suicide was a sad result of taking too much thought of the morrow. He had a good farm, was out of debt and far more comfortably situated than many of his neighbors. Yet his mind was filled with dreary forebodings as to what the future might bring forth. He wondered what would happen to his family if he died. All of us who have a family are prone to turn over in our mind the same unhappy thought—for it is invariably an unhappy thought. Egotism suggests that while the world may turn on its axis after we are gone, there will be a terrible shaking of its surface in our old neighborhood when we pass away and our family, bereft of our wise counsel, will be helpless and hopeless. It is a good result of such inward stirrings that men try to leave something for those behind them, yet the more they leave the greater worry they suffer lest it be wasted or prove insufficient. Farmer Morrison decided in his morbid mind that his farm would not support his wife and five children. After close figuring it appeared evident that there would be enough for but his wife and the two children who would soonest reach maturity. Thereupon he proceeded to drown the three youngest and to kill himself. Unlike the Harvey case, Morrison's crime was caused by an excess of loving foresight. Who can help feeling sorry for him? Yet the mental torture which led up to his crimes is sometimes experienced in a somewhat less degree by the majority of fathers and mothers. This is a hard, cold world, but more than half of the frost and storm and misery comes drifting in upon us through the window which opens upon the future. The walls of to-day often enclose a bright and cheerful interior, through the lattice looking out upon the past there floats the sweetness and fragrance of all the good we have done, the joys we have had and the difficulties we have overcome. We could be happy if we could keep closed and curtained the window through which the biting North wind of the future comes moaning in. How blessed indeed are they who are not afraid of the uncurtained and open portals of the future, for behold the light of God's face shines therein and the whisper of His love and protection robs the storm of its sting and the darkness of its terror.

DON.

Social and Personal.

It is not often that a wedding of so great interest to Toronto society takes place in England as that which was solemnized on April 23 at Little Abingdon, Cambridge. Mr. Edin Heward and his bride are at present traveling on the continent of Europe, but their arrival in town may be looked for at no very distant date. I believe that not a few of the Toronto people now in England were present at the ceremony, of which the announcement has been cabled. The mail will doubtless bring interesting particulars.

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Mr. and Mrs. Andrews of Folkestone, England, are staying with friends in town. Mrs. Andrews is one of the numerous ladies who, formerly of Toronto, have been induced to change name and country at one and the same time.

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Mr. Herbert Duncan of Brandon, Man., who has been visiting relations on Beverley street, left this week for Europe, where he will probably reside for six months or more.

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Mr. Gildersleeve of Kingston was in town this week.

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Mr. Van Norman and Miss Van Norman of New York, who have been staying with friends on Avenue road, left town on Saturday last by the Canadian Pacific for Banff, en route for British Columbia and San Francisco.

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Col. Campbell of Kingston was in town last week.

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An event interesting to Toronto people was the marriage of Captain Hughes of the Queen's Own Rifles and now of British Columbia. Captain Hughes was married to Miss Crookall of Berlin, Ont., at Victoria on April 18. It will be remembered that Captain Hughes led his company at the engagements of Cut Knife and Fish Creek.

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Mr. Justice Robertson of Cobourg was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar of Hamilton were in town this week on their return from a visit to Ottawa.

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Mrs. Dunlop of Oswego, N. Y., who has been staying with friends in Parkdale, left this week for a short visit to Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mr. George Merritt of New York was in town last week.

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Mr. Arthur Crombie of Shrewsbury, England, is staying with friends in town and is talking of taking a house here for a year or two.

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Col. Otter, D.A.G., was in Hamilton this week.

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Mr. D. R. Wilkie has been in Ottawa this week.

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I hear that Captain Wise, late A. D. C. to Sir Fred Middleton, is greatly missed in Ottawa. Captain Wise reached Bombay this week, where he has been entertained by his old friends on the staff of the Viceroy of India.

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Sir Fred and Lady Middleton are expected in town next week for a visit of a few days only.

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The Toronto Riding and Driving Club are once more to the fore. The club meets to-day for a drive or ride to Major and Mrs. Forster's fine place in the country, where dinner will be served to members and friends. If only the day is fine the attractive invitation of Major and Mrs. Forster will lead to a large turnout. The guns in the Queen's park, 4 p.m., such is the fixture.

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The marriage of Miss Vankoughnet with Mr. George McKinnon of Montreal, which was announced for February 19 but postponed on account of the death of Mrs. Roddick, Mr. McKinnon's sister, will now take place on Thursday, June 12.

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The death of Principal Daniel McGregor of McMaster Hall has removed another brilliant young man from the educational circles of Toronto. Principal McGregor was a Canadian and was but in his forty-second year. He succeeded Dr. Castle as Principal of McMaster Hall only last year. His death took place in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, whither he had gone for treatment.

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A dinner, followed by a dance, will be given at Government House on May 24, in honor of Lord Stanley, who will soon visit Toronto.

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Instead of a ball a large dinner will be given for the Duke of Connaught, who is now expected toward the end of May.

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Mr. Elmsley, who is a former resident of Toronto and who now lives in England, is in town on a visit.

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The sisters who have opened in Wellesley place a branch school in connection with Loretto Abbey gave a pleasant concert Wednesday afternoon. The pupils of the abbey took part in the programme, which was of a varied and pleasing nature. The Widow of Nairn, a cantata, was well rendered, while the Last Rose of Summer, arranged for harp, violin, mandolin, guitar and banjo elicited especial applause.

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Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, who has been the guest of Mrs. Law, on Sherbourne street, returned to her home to-day.

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The progressive euchre party, mentioned last week, was given by Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Ontario street, not Sherbourne, as was erroneously stated.

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There is a gay little flutter of excitement among many of society's fair ones, for Trial by Jury and Turn Him Out are engaging much attention. I heard a whisper of pretty bridesmaids, and a little chatter about a "roaring farce"; while I am assured that all the boxes are taken, and theater and supper parties are thickening in the distance. The Grenadiers are deservedly popular, and indications point to full houses on May 13 and 14.

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The cast for Trial by Jury is as follows: Plaintiff, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson; Defendant, Mr. Alfred Cameron; Counsel, Mr. J. F. Thomson; Judge, Mr. Douglas Armour; Usher, Mr. J. A. Macdonald; Foreman of the Jury, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson; chorus, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. Philip Todd, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Miss Elma Arthurs, Miss Trotter, Miss Arthurs, Miss Bunting, Miss Parsons, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Seymour, Miss Temple, Miss Madeline Spratt, Miss Fanny Smith, Messrs. Herman Boulton, Stephen Heward, A. Graham Thompson, Frazer Dixon, J. McGregor Young, Stephen Baldwin, Vaux Chadwick, Hart, Sweeney, A. Foy, E. H. Duggan, Granville Cunningham, Cassels, Rose, Wilson, D. E. Cameron, Morrison, Pembedon, Cawthra, Beardmore. For Turn Him Out the cast is—Nicodemus Nobbs, George Dunstan; Mr. Mac-intosh Moke, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson; Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf, Mr. Bromley Davenport; Julia, Mrs. Bromley Davenport; Susan, Miss E. A. Shanley.

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Miss Smith, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Smith, D.A.G. and Commander of the London School of Infantry, is the guest of Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston, 505 Dovercourt road.

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Mrs. Cockburn's theater party on Tuesday night comprised the following: Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Yarker, Mr. Gordon Jones.

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Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth returned from New York on Wednesday.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson left on Monday and Mrs. Bankes on Thursday for New York, whence they sail on Saturday.

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On Wednesday night Mrs. Melfort Boulton gave a farewell dinner-party for Mrs. Torrance, who left the city on Thursday for Paris, where she goes to attend the wedding of Miss Ward. There were present: Mr. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Tilley.

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Miss Langmuir of Parkdale, who has been visiting in New York, returned to town with Mrs. Nordheimer on Wednesday.

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Miss Dewar of Hamilton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Torrance, returned to her home on Thursday.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Browne of Brunswick avenue gave a delightful card party on Monday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jones, Mrs. Savigny, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Dr. Dawson, the Misses Dawson and Mr. Brayley.

*

The Rainbow Fair held on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week in St. Stephen's schoolroom was encouraging to those who had undertaken it. The programme included Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, a maypole dance, a fan drill and a Punch and Judy show. Some of those taking part were Misses Shanly, Dill, Hicks, M. Dill, B. Hicks, B. Helliwell, A. Butler, L. Helliwell, L. Burrage, F. Saker, L. Boothe, and Messrs. Harry Broughall and H. Cherry. The refreshment committee was composed of the following ladies: Misses Shanly, Cameron, Cumberland, Scay, Morris, Broughall, Bomick and True. The programme was conducted by Miss E. Shanly, whose clever personation of the famous Mrs. Jarley won for her unstinted applause, while her humorous attendant, "George," Mr. Harry Broughall, took his part admirably, whilst the figures were all good. Miss G. Charlton, as the Flower Girl, Miss Dell as Grace Darling, Miss Maud Hicks as the Maiden All Forlorn, and Mr. Harry Cherry as Christopher Columbus deserve special mention. Mr. Barlow Cumberland's Punch and Judy show was a perfect success affording delight to both young and old. The harmony of the whole entertainment reflected much credit on the officers of the association, Messrs. J. Cavanan, G. F. Lewis, E. Keefer and G. A. A. Saunders who were unremitting in their efforts to gratify all.

*

The members of the Toronto Bicycle Club gave a sociable in the lodge rooms at Association Hall on Tuesday evening. The "boys" were in uniform, and plentifully sprinkled about among their black tunics I noticed the gray of the "jolly" Wanderers.

*

The programme was a pleasing one, given in an informal way, which increased the "sociable" feeling. A kinder symphony provoked much mirth, with its unexpected accompaniment of apparently unpremeditated squeaks from unearthly-looking instruments. A topical song, which was a revelation as to the happiness which is to come to the boys "next season," was greeted with uncontrollable applause. Refreshments were served in an adjoining room. The committee—E. T. Coates, W. West and H. English—must have felt congratulated by the well-filled hall and the very evident appreciation of those present.

*

Mr. George Macdonald, son of Hon. D. A. Macdonald, who, with his bride, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, left town on Wednesday of last week for Montreal. After a few days' visit there, the young couple will settle down in Garry Fen, at Alexandria.

*

Mrs. E. Litton Lon and her two daughters, the Misses Pechell, from Leicestershire, England, are the guests of Mrs. Edward Leigh of Dundas street.

*

From Ottawa come tidings of a wedding in which Toronto people will be interested. A marriage ceremony, performed by REV. W. T. Herridge of St. Andrew's church, wedded George S. Hodgins, son of Dr. Hodgins, late Deputy Minister of Education, and Sarah Patterson, youngest daughter of Judge Patterson. The wedding was a very quiet one, and took place at the residence of the bride's father at Stewarton.

*

A picnic in aid of the orphans and poor of the House of Providence will be held in the grounds of the institution on Power street on May 24. As Queen's Birthday falls on Saturday this year, the picnic will doubtless be a grand success as it well deserves to be.

*

Mr. A. E. Renfrew of the firm of Messrs. G. R. Renfrew & Co. of Quebec has come to Toronto with the intention of permanently locating here.

*

Lodge Chesterfield No. 97 S. O. E. held its monthly Drawing Room in the parlors of Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening. A pleasing feature of the programme was the selection given by the Columbia Minstrels, an amateur company composed chiefly of members of the S.O.E. This was succeeded by an excellent repast, presided over by the president. After the loyal toasts had been honored that of the Supreme Grand officers was proposed and responded to by Bro. R. Ivens. Bro. Season of St. George Lodge and F. H. Herbert of Kent Lodge responded for the visiting brethren and Bro. D. T. Symons in a very humorous speech for the ladies. A pleasant evening's entertainment was concluded by dancing.

*

The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT cannot bestow their charity on a more worthy object than the family of the late Fireman Everest. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Chief Ardagh.

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Boudoir Gossip.

"How shall we gauge the whole
When we only know the part?
How can we read the soul,
When we cannot spell the heart
How can we measure another—
We who never can know
From the juttings above the surface,
The depths of the vein below?"

In gentle tones of remonstrance, with the sweetness which characterizes all the singer's verse, she pleads for charity.

Really we should judge carefully, for we know so little of the intentions of people. Wheels turn with a swiftness which amazes us, and we may fancy they are going the wrong way. Somewhere there is a motive power that forces the wheels to revolve in just such a manner. They've no choice in the matter. All they have to do is whirl.

Numbers of people regard the very charitable individual as a ninny—a likely-to-be-imposed upon person, but I think the majority of the world could sit at his feet and learn several things.

The old grandmother of ninety years, with wool carefully pulled over her eyes by her industrious children, is certainly a more restful picture than the waspish maiden aunt, who years ago lost her little cake of charity in the vinegar barrel.

Speaking of relatives reminds me that our "blood and kin" are usually credited with a fair amount of uncharitableness. Bitter things have been thought and wicked things have been said of the ubiquitous cousin who insisted upon saying what she thought. It would not be so bad, some have ventured to assert, if the dear one was not always thinking disagreeable things.

A much-worried man gave me a definition of relatives the other day. It is a very forcible one, and awakens the suspicion that some of his "connection" had been giving him advice. He looked solemn for a moment, then said savagely: "A relative is a man who can insult a person without getting kicked for it."

Quite an angry spirit was betrayed, and too, a common experience.

Well, I dare say we can all take a dose of charity without seriously deranging our business organs. It is, however, like all medicine, so much easier to prescribe.

•

It is likely that very few women exist who have not proved to their entire dissatisfaction that friendship—real, red-hot friendship with one man at one time—is not platonic.

A little woman rushed to me for consolation the other day. It was her first experience. She did not think she "loved" him, poor little mite; and she had been acquainted with his very positive sentiments.

"What was I to do?" she asked, with her brown eyes twinkling through some tears. "We said we were good friends, and I liked him, too. But he need not have said I flirted. I didn't. If I was cool, he might have thought I was afraid he would fall in love with me and wanted to warn him. Then if I was very frank he might well have said I was leading him on; and I don't care, women never can know how to act."

That is the case, a perfectly true instance, and I don't blame her and I can't blame him. I feel more like setting my aggressive machinery in operation and directing it towards the man who first spoke of "platonic friendship."

•

Dame Fashion says that the proper window dressing is a dainty arrangement of silk muslin curtains in white or delicate shades, and that bilious, stiff, contrary linen and painted abominations should be made into a big bonfire for the Queen's birthday.

That you may wear as many shades of the one color as you choose. The more there are the broader she smiles, only be careful they do not quarrel, for tints do quarrel, and their decisive color-language is nearly as bad as swearing.

That historical costumes are her dear petted children of to-day, and that the nearer you resemble Anna Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Margaret Tudor or Mary Stuart the nearer you are to madam's heart.

That veils of black or white tulle should have two black patches, one at the corner of the eye, the other just above your lips.

That full sleeves will not go out of fashion, and that bustles should not be worn.

That you may dress your hair to suit your face, and that while braids and coils are rather nice she really likes puffs and curls, and is going to "try and introduce them"—so beware.

•

The three dresses which Madam Albani wears in La Traviata are becoming in fashioning, splendid in coloring, and elegant in material. The first, a pale blue gros-grain combined with brocaded satin, is embroidered in pale blue pearl bead work. The pointed bodice with its beaded front is a dainty creation, evolved from some artistic soul.

The second one is white gros grain with white pearl and crystal bead trimming. In this scene madam wears her own bridal veil of silk muslin, with orange blossoms, and magnificent ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

The third dress is white silk mull with trimmings of point lace, in an exquisitely cob-webby pattern, with finely wrought scrolls writhing themselves through the filmy groundwork.

Miss Claire's gowns were pretty too; a cream brocade with skirt-panel, decorated with drops of pink and olive-like tiny buds set among olive leaves, was the first. These came a pale blue brocaded satin and velvet with olive, strawberry, pink and pale blue for garniture, blending their well-chosen hues into a harmonious and unique whole.

•

About programmes in the theater do let me have my little say, too. There is a wicked feeling which wakes up in my heart and cries hard, when I hear the rustle, crackle, swish of a badly-managed programme. Fold it, fold it, fold it, my friend; who knows but you may be responsible for the wailing wickedness in your neighbor's bosom!

•

Was your very soul ever harassed, my dear reader, by clippings which people sent you describing the perfect girl. If a man sends one he wants you to think you were the pattern. If a woman sends one she means to humiliate you in your own eyes. There is so much said about the perfect woman that any one with any curiosity begins to enquire for the perfect man.

"All good men are angels," cried a representative, the other day. I don't doubt it. I think they must be. They don't live here.

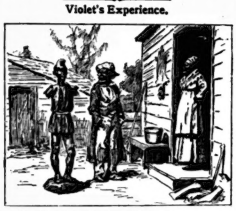
Talking of men, suppose we discuss a nice man—not a perfect one—oh dear, no.

He must be brave in danger. Women despise a coward. He must be sympathetic. A man who laughs when one tears one's gown, or the curl comes out of treacherous bangs, isn't a bit nice. We like him generous and tender. The man who can win a dog's trust, and hush a poor little mite that has fallen and broken her doll has the right kind of a heart somewhere.

Women like to be taken care of. A well-regulated woman can, of course, take excellent care of herself if she has to, but most of us like to enjoy the delicious sense of protection which comes as we go up town or to a concert or out to church with a man we trust. He will look for the street car and watch for the whizzing "wheel," and take care of us generally. We like it, and we let him do it—don't we, girls?

CLIP CAREW.

Violet's Experience.



"You Lucullus Juniper! has yo' done gone into yo' secon' chile-hood? What you bringin' ole wore-out cast-iron images wif dey arms broke off roun' here fo'?"

"Don' you pester yo'self 'bout dat figger, Emmerline Jane; dat's a little surprise fo' Vi'let!"

"Now, you, Vi'let, dis here gen'min is a mos' pertickler fren' ov mine. If I go 'way an' leave you, I don' want none ov yo' kicken tricks; yo' heah me?"

"Dat's a mos' pertickler fren' ov his'n; well, I should smile!"

—"but bizness is bizness, an' here goes—! !"

"Whew—! ! ! ! ! !"

"Brer 'Cullus, yo' 'pears to be mighty cheerful fo' a man dat's stanin' on de aldge ov de grave!"

"I ain' gwine ter dis jist yit, Brer Hackle-feather!"

"Ain' dat yo' kicken muel, Vi'let?"

"Dis here's my muel Vi'let, but she ain' a kicken muel no mo! She done had a 'perience!"—*Scribner's Magazine.*

A Little More Practice.

A well-known violinist was sitting in a village pub, when a strolling player in the street began a melancholy performance on his creaking fiddle. Our artist went out, requested the loan of the instrument for a short time, and played a few airs in exquisite style. When he had done, the owner of the fiddle stepped up to him and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, in a patronising tone:

"A little more practice, young gentleman, and you'll soon be as good a player as myself!"

The Impressionist School.

A French artist, having an assemblage of his friends at his studio, asked them to guess the subject of a new picture on his easel.

"It's a sunset," said one.

"A storm at sea," cried another.

"A plate of tomatoes," protested a third.

"A political meeting," quote a fourth.

"Vesuvius in eruption," said another.

"A naval combat," cried a sixth.

"A lobster salad struck by lightning,' suggested a seventh.

"My friends," calmly said the artist, "you are utterly and entirely wrong. It simply represents a country wedding."

An Appeal to the Charitable

A lady about to enter a church was stopped by a woman who solicited alms, saying: "Take pity on a poor woman whose husband and little boy have been carried off by the smallpox."

"But you told me the day before yesterday," the lady replied, "that your husband had been killed by a fall from a building."

"Oh! yes, ma'am, just so; misfortunes never come singly."

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OLD UNCLE BILL.

Any one who visited Mr. Norris at his fine place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, an old man who wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter in a woolen dressing gown. He was a meek, tall, bald old man, and people at first took him for a superannuated old servant; but, finally, his nice linen, his neat hands, and a certain well-bred tone of voice, if by chance, they heard him speak, made them ask:

"Who is that?"

If they inquired of Miss Belle, the eldest unmarried daughter, she would answer:

"An old connection of poor mamma's. I can't see why pa has him here—horrid thing!"

If they asked Mr. Norris' maiden sister, she would reply:

"One of the blessings my late sister-in-law brought with her into the family. A miserable ne'er-do-well of a relation."

If the question was propounded to pompous Mr. Norris, as he sat in his arm-chair on his piazza, or drove about his property in one of his handsome vehicles, he would answer:

"Well, that's a sort of a relation of my wife's, a ne'er-do-well. The black sheep of the flock, you know. Always is one in every family. For her sake—she was a very benevolent woman—we let him stay about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stupid, very; but she wanted him there, and she had her way, poor soul. I grudged her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill."

But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked, she always answered:

"Why, that is Uncle Bill. He's a little eccentric, but the dearest old soul. I'm very, very fond of him, and he of me. Dear old Uncle Bill."

Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She it was who went up to his little room with his meals, and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the newspaper and his pipe; who had fixed that little, out-of-the-way place with a pretty carpet, book-shelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance without buying something for him.

His pretty, snow white shirts were her gift, and she saw that they were ironed to "properly. The flannel dressing-gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer-roofed room there were hours that were more home-like than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dining-room, where Miss Belle was only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend; and Miss Norris, the elder sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle-work in which she was perpetually engaged, sometimes directed at her brother, sometimes at Belle, sometimes at Phemie, but all worded so circumspectly and clothed in such a guise of piety that no one dared resent them.

"What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill," Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee.

"And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say. "If I was a rich uncle, just home from India, like those in the plays and novels, you couldn't make more of me."

"I shouldn't make so much uncle," Phemie would answer, "for you'd be a victim of liver complaint, and that would make you ill natured and you'd scold me and say naughty words. They do, you know. Now, you haven't any money or stocks to worry about, like poor pa; and you're not irritable, and I like to be with you. You're like mamma, too. You have her eyes."

"You are sister Susan's image," the old man would say. "Do you remember the day that you came to the hospital with her?"

"Yes," said Phemie. "I was just twelve years old and mamma was crying over the telegram. 'My only brother,' she said, she said, 'So sick that he may die, and so poor that he's in a hospital.' Then we came and I saw you in bed, and after a while she brought you home, and ma nursed you well again."

"And died herself, just as I got about," said Uncle Bill. "And your father married next did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well. I was lucky to get a home I suppose, and luckier still to find such disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan, Phemie, the dearest girl that ever lived. Yes, you're like Susan."

But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books and Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her little dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kittens Phemie saved from drowning; making a little well, from which the canary drew buckets of water. And Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river-side, where he would fish, she would catching anything, and she would read or knit.

None of the family knew of these intimacies. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should consider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who had never been congenial.

No one in the house knew, but some one not of the household did, and shared at times in them.

Sometimes, when the old man's rod dangled over the water, a younger angler would take his place near him—a handsome young fellow with black hair and the brightest eyes in the world; and then the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a child by her mother's side. And Uncle Bill laughed and told fishermen's stories. As for the young man, silent or talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was seventeen; she had never had a lover. She was well-read in romantic lore. What happened was only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used, and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss.

Fred Howard was not a fashionable man, only the son of a poor widow and a skilled mechanic, bookkeeper of her boy. What holidays he had, he spent at home. This was his mid-summer vacation; he was bright and good and handsome, but Mr. Norris surely would have had other views for his youngest daughter.

And so one day, as the two, by chance, met accidentally on the road, were talking together, with an expression on either face that made an old country lady, who drove past, remark to her husband: "Hiram, she looks good for 'em's beauty." Mr. Norris marched up behind the pair, and appeared like a very florid ghost between them, with an:

"I was not aware, Mr. Howard, that you had ever been introduced to my daughter."

The young man blushed, but answered: "I have done so, my friend, her uncle."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Norris, lowering his tone a little. "Then you know my brother, Mr. Whipple Norris, in the city? He is a relative I am proud of—worth half a million if he is a cent."

"I have often heard of Mr. Whipple Norris," replied the young man frankly; "but have never met him. I owe my introduction to Miss Phemie Norris to her Uncle William—ah—ah."

The young man suddenly remembered that he did not know Uncle Bill's last name.

"Her Uncle William!" repeated Mr. Norris. "Euphemia, does young Howard allude to your poor mother's unfortunate brother Bill?"

Phemie bowed her head.

"Young Howard!" repeated Mr. Norris. "That person has no authority to introduce my daughter. Consider yourself a stranger to her henceforth."

Phemie looked at Fred. Fred looked at Phemie.

"It is too late, sir," the latter said. "I love your daughter, and have won her heart. She has promised to be my wife."

Mr. Norris stared at him, lifted his eyebrows; stared again through his double eye-glass, and spoke sternly:

"I have no daughter who is a credit to me. Lord McTab paid great attention to her last winter. He has written to ask my consent to their nuptials, which, of course, he will return in the fall to be married to her. An English nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps, twenty dollars a week. My eldest daughter, Mrs. Tim Jenks Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Minneville. My son is with my brother in New York—a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make a fuss about Phemie. I only tell you this: If she marries you, I disown her. You can take her if she chooses. I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets, and go. If she obeys me, she shall be married or single, well provided for. She is plain and unpropossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence, who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper portion for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth, and ordinary features," continued Mr. Norris, turning his eye-glass on his daughter: but a clergyman should not look for beauty.

"She is the prettiest girl I know, and if I may earn her bread and butter, I can do it," said Fred Howard. "You give her to me, sir!"

"No," replied Mr. Norris. "She may give herself to you if she chooses to be a beggar."

Then he walked away.

As Phemie and Fred stood looking at each other, old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbery.

"I give my permission," he said, with more than usual dignity; "and I am her mother's brother. I think you will make her happy, young Fred Howard."

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an English nobleman, led Phemie a sad life of it for a while; but one morning she walked out of her home in her simple church-going costume, and was married in the little chapel of St. John. Old Uncle Bill, in his old-fashioned broadcloth suit, went with them, and gave the bride away. Mrs. Howard was there, and a school friend of Phemie's, and the family doctor, Fred's. None of the Norris family. And after the wedding they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's tranks had been sent to Fred's mother's little house. The bride was not as happy as she might have been under other circumstances, but at home no one had ever loved or considered her since her mother's death; and Fred loved her, and she loved him. Her only trouble was that she must leave old Uncle Bill.

"That is hard," the old man said, "very hard, Phemie." And then Fred held out his hand.

"Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live in a very plain way, but if you will live with us, we will do our best to make you happy, and shall be happy ourselves."

"Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle Bill. "A poor old man like me—eh! really!"

"Really!" cried Phemie, dancing with joy. "Really and truly, heaven knows."

Fred grasped his hand and shook it. "You brought us together, Uncle Bill," he said.

"It's half your house," answered Uncle Bill, "for brother-in-law Norris has turned me out of his house for aiding and abetting you—told me that I might be town poor if I liked. I didn't, but I just said, I'll go rather than—

"I'll get your things and take them to mother's," said Fred. "You'll be company for her while we're gone; after that, one home for all of us."

Then the old man looked at them with a smile; looked at the bride, blushed with age, and laughed his sweet, good-natured laugh.

"You're two good, honest, generous children," he said. "And you're Fred's mother, ma'am. But I've an excuse for not so doing. Five years ago my sister Susan heard that I was sick, and at a hospital, and took me to her house. She nursed me back to comfortable health and was very good to me. Then, sweet angel, she died. She thought that being in a hospital meant poverty. I was paying fifty dollars a week there. I have always felt that even Mr. Norris would respect, but seeing what he was, I took a fancy that I'd find out what my children were like. I'd see, I'd think about the place as old Uncle Bill, a poor relation. I wasn't wanted, even at table I felt sheepish. I'd brought a little, but that little soul, has been a daughter to me. I told sister Susan the truth on her death-bed, and promised to do my best by this sweet girl; and my money came

Mrs. Wellings' Experiment.

"Tony!" exclaims Mrs. Wellings, one morning at the breakfast table. But Mr. Wellings does not hear the voice of his wife, so absorbed is he in the columns of the paper; nor does he heed the now almost cold chops upon the plate before him, so oblivious of everything is he at the present moment. "Tony! Anthony!" says he wife, raising her voice several notes higher. "Anthony Wellings, will you ever look up from that paper and hear what I have to say!"

"Hey! What is it, my dear? Oh, yes!" ejaculates Mr. Wellings, looking up in a startled manner, meanwhile reluctantly relinquishing his grasp upon the beloved paper, and suffering it to fall on the floor as he now makes a vigorous attack upon the edibles. "It seems to me, Marian," mutters he, between mouthfuls of cold mutton, "that you might give a fellow a cup of hot coffee instead of this cold stuff. Cold meat, too."

"And it seems to me, Anthony, that you might defer reading the paper until a more suitable hour than during breakfast. If you would, the coffee and chops wouldn't grow cold. They cannot remain hot forever." Then, having refilled his cup, passed the plate of warm biscuit and again settled down into her chair, Mrs. Wellings relapses into silence, but only for an instant. "Tony," says she, hesitatingly, "I wish you would give me some money to day;" and two pretty, pleading eyes look direct into his.

"Money! Money! I declare, I hear nothing but that cry every day! A new dress, or what is it?"

"Now, Tony, don't be cross," continues she, smiling. "You see Mrs. Roberts and I are going down town to day, and I hate having to acknowledge to her how stingy you are."

"Stingy! Stingy you say, Marian? Great Scott! are you women never satisfied? Money, hey! Who pays all the bills for keeping this establishment? Who pays for all your extravagant follies? Who pays for—for—" Mr. Wellings, pausing for a moment in his rapid, excited speech, gazes in wild eyed astonishment at the dimpling cheeks of his wife, who is, strange to say, smiling broadly at her lord and master.

Only last night was the wicked plot hatched which now is uppermost in the mind of Mrs. Wellings. Now, before her husband's departure for business, does she determine to put it into execution.

"But, Tony, paying the bills is not like having a few cents of one's own, for use. You think a woman never needs pin money! Why, scores of times I have wanted it for odd nothings, a book, flowers, occasionally a little treat for the children. Rubbish, you say? Once, when Mrs. Stemple asked me to contribute toward a present for our rector, I had to refuse. Why? Simply because I had not a cent of my own. There, do not interrupt," holding up a warning finger. "I know your old remark of 'get what you need and send the bills to the office.' I must, in fact, render an account for every penny. Just try it yourself for a day, a week. I wish you would, Tony. I tell you 'tis a mean shame to deny me a cash allowance. Why, I cannot even take an extra car ride until I've asked for the necessary five cents. I am poor as any beggar." And little Mrs. Wellings sighs dismally, while tears glimmer in the blue eyes.

"How much now, Marian?" grumbles her husband, rising and standing beside her with open pocket-book.

"Say, Tony," says she, looking up brightly, "just let me be cashier for one week, won't you? I only want to convince you how mean it makes me feel never to have money to spare for 'rubbish.' Ah, do, Anthony!"

Coaxing, caresses, etcetera, accomplish their work, for a half hour later Mr. Wellings leaves the house with only sufficient funds in his pocket for the bare necessary expenses incurred during the day.

"Ah!" says Mrs. Wellings, smilingly watching her husband disappear around the corner. "Tony's only fault is his stinginess. This will be an excellent lesson for him, I'm sure."

"Well, I shall show Marian how I can manage," says Mr. Wellings, striding rapidly on.

Seated in the car, he thinks himself of his paper. True enough, he has forgotten to bring it. The search in both of his coat pockets proves a vain one.

"Here, Johnny," to a little newsboy just entering, "a paper, please."

"Then, recollecting his cash allowance too late, he has not the courage to refuse the paper now in his hands. He dislikes becoming a special object of interest to the rest of the passengers, and so the nickel intended for the ride home is handed out, the change received, and Mr. Wellings forgets the trifling annoyance while perusing the columns of the paper.

An hour or so later Mr. Willings is interrupted by his young clerk, who, thrusting his head in the open door, exclaims:

"The scrub lady's come from the house and says she wants her pay."

"Tell Mrs. Riley to come to-morrow," replies Mr. Wellings, vexed within himself at refusing the poor woman. "Marian sent her here, I suppose. I'm almost tempted to break my vow not to spend anything but what she gives me. You're a fool, Anthony Wellings, for being cajoled into any such bargain," mutters he, slowly resuming his business duties.

Twelve o'clock, the usual lunch hour, arrives at last. Leaving the office, he starts toward his favorite restaurant.

"Anthony Wellings, as I live!" exclaims a deep voice beside him, and a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder causes Mr. Wellings to glance around in surprise.

Who is it? Can it be—yes, 'tis really his old college chum.

"Hugh, old boy, how glad, very glad, I am to see you!" And a hearty hand shake testifies his assertion. "Where did you drop from? How is everybody? Well now, but I'm glad to see you." Again the hands grip each other. "I'm just going to lunch. Come along, won't you, and——"

Mr. Wellings' handsome eyes suddenly dilate, his breath ceases for a moment.

"Good heavens!" he thinks. Here I am with only fifty cents for lunch. On second thought. Hugh, you'd better come up to the house to night to dinner. Important duties prevent my lingering here, and we should be unable to talk over old times. Come to the house, won't you? Yes? Well, here's the address. My wife will be pleased to welcome you, too. Good-bye then till later." And the friends part. "It's all her fault!" thinks Mr. Wellings, almost savagely. "How like an idiot he must have thought me! But, by Jove! I couldn't tell the man I had only money enough for one slim lunch. Wonder if Marian was ever in such a box! Poor little woman! Perhaps I have been too close with her."

Many times during the day does he have calls upon both pocket-book and patience, one instance being especially annoying and humiliating.

Mr. Corbin called to obtain substantial aid in behalf of a sick man's family.

"I can give you something to-morrow," adds Mr. Wellings, as his visitor is about to depart. Jenny, the flower girl, comes in too. It has been Mr. Wellings' habit to purchase a bouquet from the little maiden, but to day he must decline.

Late in the afternoon his wife and little Willie came in on their way from grandmother's to their home.

"Papa," says the little fellow, "give me money for a big ball, please."

"Ask your mother, child," his father tells him tersely.

But mamma gives me nofing, tause she never has money to spare, she tells me," replies Willie, disappointedly.

"But she will now, my boy, and beside papa will buy you a fine bat. Here, Clarke," to the elderly clerk, "you can attend to these matters on hand. I start for home now with Mrs. Wellings. Come, Marian—Willie;" and together the happy trio leave the office.

Late that evening, after dinner is a thing of the past, and the nurse has carried Willie upstairs to bed, Mr. Wellings puts down the book of fairy tales he has finished reading to his eager little listener, and rising, crosses over to his wife's chair.

"Marian," he confesses frankly, taking the sewing from her busy fingers and clasping them tightly in his own. "I've been a fool. You know all I mean, so spare me the recital of particulars. You shall have your wish. Is this satisfactory, little woman?"

"More than satisfactory," she answers him gently. "You are too good to me, Anthony. But"—the bright eyes dance mischievously—"I am just a little glad you found it out for yourself—the unpleasantness of having no money of your own, I mean."

One of the 400.

—*Life.*

Bad for the Burglar.

Goodfellow (nearing Jollyfellow's house very late at night after a "time" at the club)—I shay, Jollyfellow, she there. There's a burglar getting into your house by she window.

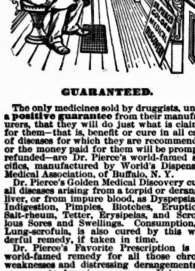
Jollyfellow—Sho he is. Shay, wait a (hic) wait little. My wife'll shink he's me and (hic) she'll half kill him.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Bismarck's Last Waltz.

In 1867, when the great Chancellor was on a visit to the Paris Exhibition with his royal master, the King of Prussia, he attended a Court ball at the Tuileries. Madame Carette, the reader of the Empress Eugenie, as the *coiffeur* was in progress, felt a strong inclination to dance with Count Bismarck, and offered him a bouquet of roses as an intimation that he was selected as partner for a waltz. Bismarck accepted the invitation, and danced in fine style with the beautiful Madame Carette, to the admiration of the Sovereigns and the entire Court. At the conclusion of the waltz, Count Bismarck took out of the button-hole of his diplomatic dress an artificial rosebud and presented it to his fair partner, saying:

"Please to keep this rosebud in memory of the last waltz I shall ever dance in my life, and which I shall never forget."

The best sign that a man believes anything is not his repetition of its formulas, but his impregnation with its spirit.



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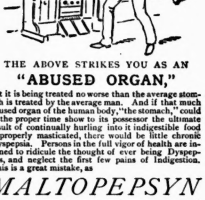

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and you will receive it by return post.

Their First Quarrel.

Mr. Newlywed—Fanny, Uncle Tom's will is to be read to-morrow, and as I was always a favorite nephew of the old gentleman's I am sure to come in for something.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, now nice, Will! Then we can give up this horrid flat and build a sweet little Queen Anne house in the country, and——

"You mean a house in town."

"No, dear, a Queen Anne cottage in the country, with gables and——"

"Queen nothing, pet! I couldn't bear to live in a cottage, you know. What we want is——"

"Nothing of the sort, Will! I want a cottage, and I can't live in a stuffy——"

"Stuffy, eh? I'd like to know what can be more stuffy than a little, squeezed-up——"

"Will, you horrid thing! You are so unreasonable, and——"

"Unreasonable, is it? I'd have you understand, Frances, that I am a very reasonable man——"

"No, you are not! You never do anything I want you to, and you always try to displease me. You are——"

"Look here, madam, that will do! I took you when you were without a farthing, and you promised to obey me, and now, when I have a plan to make you happy, you——"

"Happy! I could never be happy with such a wretch. If I knew beforehand that you were, I never would have married you!"

"I wish you had, then, for you are no wife for a young, sensible man, who likes to be peaceful and——"

"Peaceful! Who started all this dispute, I shoul I like to know?"

"Wh hy, you did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"You know I didn't so——"

"I repeat, it is all your fault!"

"O, hoo-hoo! hoo! I am going home to my mother!"

"Go, and be——" (slams the door).

Mr. Newlywed (next evening)—Fanny, Uncle Tom didn't leave me a penny.

Mrs. Newlywed (kissing him)—I'm so glad!

Aims of Education.

Education, in its true sense, must have two distinct aims—to inform and develop the mind and to inspire and influence the heart. The success of each of these depends largely upon the success of the other; and upon their united and harmonious action will depend the strength and excellence of the character and the purity and value of the life. All knowledge is like good seed—it cannot be too highly prized or too widely disseminated; but to realize its possibilities, it must be placed in fruitful soil prepared to receive and to vitalize it.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

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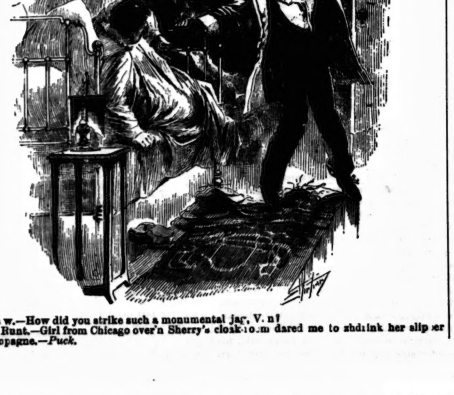

Gosh w.—How did you strike such a monumental jar, V. n? Van Bunt.—Girl from Chicago over a Sherry's cloak-room dared me to shdink her slip or fall champagne.—*Puck.*

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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The Metaphor.

A rather interesting, and often amusing, study is that of the use, and abuse, of the metaphor, in both literary and oral rhetoric. Proverbially, it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and there is hardly any agent in composition so frequent, or so fatal, in occasioning that step as a false or entangled metaphor. The mixing of adverse figures, the inapt comparing of Nature to Art or the drawing from other than elevating or poetical sources, are frequently all that is necessary to turn the tragic into comic, the pleasing into nauseating.

The well known epitaph:

> "Here I am the body of Sarah Pym,
> Who was so very pure within;
> She cracked this outer shell of sin,
> And hatched herself a cherubim,"

is grotesque; yet the image used is closely allied to that of Milton in that noble invocation to the Muse which forms the opening of Paradise Lost. The figure used successfully to describe the bursting into life of Chaos, in the Beginning, might, were it but worded with the same care, have proved equally fine regarding the resurrection of a soul. But the fact of the subject having "hatched herself," not to speak of the smell of straw and farmyard generally connected with the word "hatched" excels Tom Hood's fun for bathos. Nothing could be more ludicrous than that passage in a speech delivered in the English House of Commons: "I smell a rat, I see it floating in the air; but I'll nip it in the bud." There is a book of some note, a copy of which is in our circulating library, which abounds in most interesting matter; but the overloading and mixing of metaphor in its pages is oppressive. For an example, Thackeray has barely accomplished the process of mixing the "gall of satire with his ink," before we find him, under the influence of this author's magic, transforming the "gall of satire" into a "rapier;" with which he finds out the "vulnerable parts of our armor." Contrast such with any extract you may take from the works of Carlyle; from Sartor Resartus for instance, which contains as much if not more metaphor to the thousand gems than any other great work, and see with what matchless power the tropes and similes are kept from disfiguring themselves either by crowding or collision. I have a little work before me, professedly a guide to literature, a work which the cover informs me has passed, at least, into a fourth edition, and that in London, Eng. The promiscuous manner in which figures of speech are huddled into this little volume suggests irresistibly the idea that its author has made it his practice to collect and note them down; and as an excuse for publishing has strung them like beads on a very slender thread, which is repeatedly broken by the strain of the gaudy ornaments. But I, too, am getting a little metaphorical, and must hasten to steady myself ere I give a better example than definition of plaster imagery. In the book I speak of it is explained that the musical versification of Pope "seldom or never takes the ear prisoner." Describing the sad end of Chatterton, it goes on to say that he "mingles the poison, swallows it and plunges over the ghastly precipice." The uninformed may ask, as both things could not befall one man, which are we to take as the actual, and which as the figurative; the poison or the precipice? For whose benefit I will mention that Chatterton died in his room, of which precipices formed no part of the scanty furniture.

As I have spoken more of the abuse than the use, let me conclude with a quotation from Tennyson, in which the true metaphor is to be found in all its beauty. In another of his poems the Laureate has compared his poetic faculty to a "flower"; but, taken in association with the "tomb" of the friend "in memoriam" of whom he is writing, it has a very fine significance:

> "And this poor flower of poesy
> Which little cared for fades not yet.
> But since it pleased a vanished eye,
> I go to plant it on his tomb,
> That if it can it there may bloom,
> Or dying, there at least may die."

Music.

Of the many who were attracted to the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening of last week by the announcement that Miss Emma Juch would sing Carmen, there was doubtless a goodly number who went with the idea of comparing her reading of this wayward character with that of others who had preceded her. They found plentiful food for discussion and comparison. From the first appearance of the heroine a serious departure from the traditional conception of the character was visible, and a new chain of by-play was observable. Miss Juch's Carmen is as winning, as shrewish, and as designing as can be wished, and it is without any of the grossness of detail that has rather marred some previous representations of the character. She says herself that Carmen was a girl who sought rather to conceal her failings from all but the objects of her vagrant affections, and the carrying out of this idea divests the character of many of its broader touches. Her play in the first act was charmingly original and natural, and its brightness was hailed with delight by all those who saw it.

This vein of daring individuality, however, was not sustained throughout the opera, and as the work progressed she became more conventional, to the disappointment of the critical among her audience. Here and there touches of human sensibility which were new to a Carmen audience brightened the picture, but in the main the sketch was familiar to us. Miss Juch has dramatic power of a high order, but her appearance and individuality do not form a combination that lends itself very readily to the portrayal of extreme passion of the wayward sort. It is too difficult to dissociate her from the ideas of Marguerite and Senta, and her Carmen in the stronger scenes shows a weakness of temperament far from fatal to a successful Carmen, yet sufficiently distinctive to lessen the lurid lights of the character. Her singing was, of course, delightful and was deservedly applauded. Scovell made a much better Don Jose than Faust and aroused himself from his lethargy of the first night. Tagliapietra looked the Toreador thoroughly, but gave a dragging, characterless rendition of the celebrated aria. The chorus did fairly good work, but sadly needed a little wholesome hectoring by the chorus master.

The Vocal Society's second concert of the season was well attended and well received. The music performed by the Society was judiciously selected and offered a pleasant variety. The Society sang well as it always does. Mr. Haslam secured a better balance of tone between the parts than at the last concert, the tenors and altos coming out better. The rhythmic cadence was excellent, and the shading, always a strong feature of this society, was admirably graduated, but occasionally lacking in strength of contrast. The fortes were hardly sufficiently aggressive in character, and in the extremes of soft singing, clearness of tone was sometimes sacrificed, and there was occasionally a suspicion that the pianissimo effects were secured by a numerical diminution of the singers. Macfarren's Sands o' Dee received a splendid rendering, and was the great work of the evening. Almost equally good was the performance of the Song of the Vikings, Ye Banks and Braes, and Into the Silent Land. A clever and piquant little ditty was Macfarren's You Stole My Love, and it received a spirited rendition, which would, however, have been better for a little more clearness in the bass section.

More elasticity of tempo would have improved the singing of Gounod's Ave Verum and of Pinsuti's The Sea Hath its Pearls. In the former a rigid tempo diminished the possibilities of fine effects in phrasing to which this composition so readily lends itself. In Pinsuti's gem the lack of dramatic contrast was easily felt by those of the audience who were acquainted with the piece. In the certainty of its intonation the Society was excellent throughout the evening. Many kind words were said of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge's fine flute playing, especially of his obligato to Mrs. Caldwell's singing of Lo! Here the Gentle Lark. The lady was in splendid voice, and sang with more than usual feeling and expression. The florid work in Bishop's song and in the Carnival of Venice was done neatly and clearly and with certainty.

A magnificent audience greeted Mme. Albani on Tuesday evening at the Grand Opera House, when her company sang Traviata in Italian. The opera was put on in good shape with a fair chorus and a fair orchestra. The chorus presented the choice array of bandits and banditesses that we usually see when Italian opera vouchsafes Toronto a visit, and sang very well, but without any special elegance. The orchestra numbered some twenty-four musicians, who were not always in strict rhythmic accord, though the work they had to do was not of the most difficult, the orchestration of Traviata being in the conventional old Italian style. Signor Sapio conducted the performance, and was occasionally responsible for the uncertainty in the orchestra.

Mme. Albani, as a matter of course, was the central attraction. Her appearance was very fine in her beautiful costumes and in the part of Violetta due dramatic effect, especially in the last act, where her acting of the death scene was refined and natural. Her voice is rich and full as ever, though her management of it is a little more evident than formerly. She shows a wonderful power of sustaining her tone with clearness and purity of intonation, and she still revels in a striking *messa di voce* even on extremely high notes, where an occasional waver on a high C may easily be forgiven her. Her cantabile singing was excellent, smooth and flowing and full of a rich sympathetic quality. Her floriturі were slightly clouded in vowel quality, but fluent and correct. Her recitatives were rather slow, a fault that attached to much of her work, and which was perhaps somewhat to blame for the uncertainties of the orchestra. In spite of all these slight objections, her performance was a splendid one, and she received a fine ovation at the close of each act. When the opera was concluded, the enthusiasm reached such a height that she had to sing Home, Sweet Home, which was rendered very affectingly.

Her support was very good, Miss Attalie Claire, another Canadian, sang the parts of Flora and Annina very acceptably. She has a very sweet mezzo soprano voice, and pretty face and figure, and sang her small parts most creditably. Sig. Ravelli sang the part of Alfredo in delightfully smooth style, showing a fine tenor voice of the true Italian school. Sig. Del Puente as George Germont was in splendid voice, and sang nobly, especially in Di Provenza. Another fine voice in the company was that of Sig. Novara, whose part was hardly in proportion to his merits.

The annual meeting of the Vocal Society was held on Monday evening when these officers were elected: Honorary president, J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; president George Musson; vice-presidents, D. Kemp and W. H. Blake; librarian, M. J. Macnamara; honorary secretary and treasurer, R. Tinning, Jr.; committee, F. W. Ball, A. Ross, J. Hedley, Mrs. J. B Hall, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Donnelly. The Society will resume practice in September, and its officers anticipate a season of renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

On Monday week the Queen's Own Rifles will give a Nautical Entertainment at the Grand Opera House, under distinguished patronage, which will introduce fancy drill and exercises, songs and choruses, and band music, the whole under the direction of Mr. Bayley.

I have seen some press notices of Miss Irene M. Gurney's playing at her graduation recital at the New England Conservatory of Music, all of which are highly complimentary, her expression and technical skill being highly praised. METRONOME.

The Drama.

On Monday evening a large audience assembled at the Academy of Music, on the occasion of the benefit to Mr. Percival T. Greene, the manager of the house. Mr. Greene was called before the curtain and presented with a handsome walking stick, a gift from his staff of employes. In reply he made a few appropriate remarks, thanking both the donors of the gift and his patrons. Mr. Greene is to be congratulated on the excellent dramatic *menu* he has provided for the theater-going public during this season, nearly all of his attractions being over the average standard of excellence.

The attraction for Mr. Greene's benefit was Louis James and his company in Othello. Mr. James is one of the few American actors who are endeavoring to make themselves famous and wealthy by the presentation of classical tragedy. It is a well-known fact that at the present time the playing of classic drama usually results in financial stringency. This has been especially so with tragedy. The broad, sympathetic heart of the latter-day public is lacerated by the cruelties of mediæval drama and rises in revolt. It cannot bear to see its mythical heroine or hero embodied and then subjected to the indignities and lamentable fate decreed by the relentless author for the creatures of his brain. Still it might be supposed that a public which patronizes the *abattoir* productions of the French realistic school would not strain at those older productions which are more and more as the years roll on becoming environed with the atmosphere of mythology. There are several important points of difference, however. The modern tragedies of the realistic school have more of that spirit which, for want of a better name, we commonly term melodramatic. The angel of death may cast the dark shadow of his wing upon them constantly, but his work is commonly the result of violent and turbulent passions. There is less of premeditated and calculated devilitry than is to be found in the older work. Again there enters in the elements of novelty and suspense which are entirely lacking in the familiar works of the classical dramatists. How many of those who went to see and listen to Othello on Monday night had not read the play before? I venture to say not half a dozen, who had arrived at years approaching maturity. More were persons who went out of curiosity to see how a play of Shakespeare's is acted, to see the players and compare them with others they had seen before, or went as students in order to accentuate their knowledge of the characters by seeing them personified. When such is the case it is not difficult to understand that the mental attitude of the major portion of the audience is critical instead of expectant. If, therefore, the player does not meet their ideal in his presentation they are apt to grumble. How often does a person hear a Shakespearean actor sharply criticized by the veriest tyro in matters theatrical. And why? Simply because this critical individual had gone to the theater with a preconceived idea of the character, which was largely at variance with the artist's conception. If such persons would only measure for a moment their own superficial knowledge with that which the person presenting such a character must necessarily possess they might be better satisfied. These things as well as its inherent cruelty militate against the standard tragedy.

Of all the villains who had their genesis in the fecund intellect of the king of dramatists, there is little doubt that Iago is the most fiendish. There is little in Othello's character to excite the spectator's sympathy and the fate of the unfortunate Desdemona makes this play the very antithesis of the pleasant and healthy plays most in vogue with the English speaking people of to-day. If therefore one does not derive pleasure from the purely intellectual standpoint of studying the magnificent characterization and the skilful portrayal thereof there is nothing in Othello to allure one to the theater. The world has changed largely since this masterpiece was first submitted to public judgment. When the many metamorphoses are considered the wonder is not that tragedy is unpopular, but that it can be played at all. There can be little doubt that such success as it has is largely due to fashion and curiosity and because it is upheld by the greatest histrions of the profession. One of the strongest evidences of the failure of the intrinsic qualities of these plays to attract the public is seen in the elaborate mechanical and scenic appointments which have recently marked all the important "Shakespearean revivals," as they are called.

The presentation of Othello by Louis James and his company was chiefly marked by a lack of any signal ability and by evidences of careful study and conscientious work throughout the whole of the play. Mr. James has not yet sounded all the depths of that splendid, barbaric character. His appearance and costuming are very good. It is in voice that his personation most lacks completeness. While he has all the power necessary for the commanding voice of the soldier it is very inflexible and wants magnetic quality in the lighter tones. His facial expression is good and in the stronger scenes he rises to the occasion with a very fair degree of success. If Mr. F. C. Mosley could make up to look a little more Mephistophelian, his Iago would be a very powerful one. As it is, though he reads his lines excellently, his comfortable appearance belies his utterances. The Desdemona of Miss Victory Bateman was charming and cleverly played. Those who are disposed to regard the character of Desdemona as a somewhat heavy and serious one have a wrong conception of the pettish, wilful and imprudent damsel that Shakespeare drew. Miss Fanny Gillette made a good Emilia.

The greatest success on the American stage at the present time—Denman Thompson's Old Homestead, will be seen at the Academy of Music next week. This play has just concluded its second successful season in New York city. It's popularity has been phenomenal, and it still draws as well as ever. The play is an excellent representation of New England farm life, and is replete with human interest. This is the first time it has been presented here, and there is little doubt that its patronage will be as large here as it has in all the other cities where it has been presented.

I was glad to notice that Mr. Sol Smith Russell's engagement last week was very successful. I consider Mr. Russell not only a unique personality, but the most successful interpreter of American humor on the stage. Objection may be taken to Noah Vale as an American character. He is certainly not typically American. He is as unique as the person for whom he was created. His humor, and he has a fund of it, is certainly American and pathos is universal. Had Mr. Kidder, the author of The Poor Relation, developed his character in the last two acts as successfully as he began it, there would be no occasion for Mr. Russell's seeking a new play for a while yet. Dion Boucicault has, it seems, written a new play for him, the appearance of which will be looked for with much interest. It is doubtful if the veteran dramatist, with all his skill, will succeed in furnishing a successful medium for the peculiar talents of this actor. It is to be hoped it will contain a part for that clever soubrette, Miss Merri Osborne, who as Scollops has contributed so much to the success of The Poor Relation.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's Pete Baker has been doing good business all week with The Emigrant and Chris and Lena. Mr. Baker is well and widely known as a popular German comedian and singer and general all-round man. The Emigrant is a play which gives him unlimited opportunities to introduce his specialties. He is assisted by a fairly good company. Among them is John Sheehan, the well-known comedian of the team, Sheehan & Coyne. One of the most successful features of the performance is the singing and dancing of Little Irene, a child about five years old. Miss Ada Boshell plays and sings very well. The treasurer for this company is Mr. Al. Davidson, who was treasurer at the Toronto during Col. Charlie Shaw's *regime*.

The coming week at Jacobs & Sparrow' Opera House will be filled by E. J. Hassan's great New York comedy success, One of the Finest. The engagement promises to be a notable one and its success here is undoubted. The company carry all their own scenery, calcium lights, etc., and the largest tank ever seen here. The Baltimore *American* of March 25 pays the company the following unusual tribute of praise: "The attraction at Front street theater this week is a tank drama entitled, One of the Finest. Other tank dramas have been in Baltimore, but this tank is bigger and holds more water than any tank that ever was put on a stage in this part of the country. It is placed just back of the middle of the stage, and was from one side to the other. It is seventy-two feet long, twenty-six feet wide and about three feet deep. It holds about sixty tons of water. During the thrilling drama little canvas boats are paddled about, and once in a while some ambitious stage hand falls overboard. This, however, is not on the bills. This heavy weight of water is held up by immense props, that are placed under the stage. From behind the scenes it looks like a huge duck pond that has been planted in the center of a room. The enclosure which holds the water is built on the floor of the stage. The sides of the plank are heavy board railings that are kept upright by supports that meet the sides at an angle of forty-five degrees, and are then braced on the floor of the stage. This is inlaid with a monster oiled tarpaulin that weighs about 600 or 700 pounds. During the drama several people are thrown overboard, and are then rescued dripping and soaking wet. The most realistic and liveliest scene that has ever been witnessed in this town was in the fifth act. It represents pier 23, New York. A number of wharf loungers were hanging around, when suddenly there was a yell. In a minute more the stage was filled with a swarm of half-naked, shouting boys. The costume consisted of many-styled trunks and the skin that the Lord gave them. Some of them came on turning handsprings; others walked on their hands; still others came in quietly, as if it was too hot too much of a novelty. Before the audience had fully recovered from this sudden invasion, a splash was heard, and a cloud of spray flew into the air. One of the urchins had jumped in. He was followed by another, still another, and in a few moments the whole crowd of fifty urchins were splashing around in their substitute for the East river. Some of the boys dived in in a way that showed them no novices; others jumped in feet first, others fell in. One ambitious youth took a little late in getting in. He thought he would astonish the audience; so he attempted to dive in, and he flatted. His body struck the water with a smack that was heard all over the house. The other boys laughed, and the youth arose, rubbing himself where the water had hit him. While the kids were in swimming calcium lights were turned on, and the light shone on the wet, glistening bodies in a way that made one think he was looking at a crowd in swimming by moonlight. After a general splashing about for a few minutes, the boys reluctantly left the stage, and the tank, to live in hopes for to-night's swim. It's a great tank act. The audience appreciated it and howled with delight.

"The play and the actors were received with the greatest applause. Mr. Edwin M. Ryan, as the Dutch policeman, pleased the audience greatly. Frank I. Frayne, Jr., Miss Marion Gray and others were all recalled and applauded. One of the Finest leads the tank dramas of the country."

An Excuse For a Dog.

Emery—That quiet girl is a smart one.
Fincks—What is she up to now?
"You know whenever she goes out she has her pug with her."
"I understand."
"Well, she has trained that dog to trot along about ten feet behind her."
"Well, what of that?"
"What of that? Don't you see she can look back at another woman's bonnet under the pretence of looking after the dog?"

The Milkin' o' the Kye.

For Saturday Night.

> The kye are comin' hame
> Frae the meadow ane by ane,
> They are waitin' at the yett
> Till Nannie lets them in.
> I ha p her aye tae bin them
> An' then I sit doon bye,
> An' we crack about the weather
> At the milkin' o' the kye.
>
> My Nannie she is bonnie
> An' sonsie, blythe an' free,
> An' at sither kirk or market
> She aye has a smiles for me
> She says she loves nae ither,
> Nae ither need apply,
> For she'll let nae ither help her
> Wi' the milkin' o' the kye.
>
> She has mony, mony wooers,
> A' bigger men than me,
> For I've naething but an empty pooch
> Tae dower my lassie wi'.
> But I lov' her an' I'll woo her,
> An' some nicht jeest tae try,
> I'll spier her if she'll hae me
> At the milkin' o' the kye.
>
> For I help her aye tae bin them
> An' I rub them doon wi' straw,
> An' tie their tails aboot their houghs,
> They kittle Nannie sae.
> An' aye she lauchs an' thanks me,
> Sae sweet, an' nods sae sly,
> That I jeest sit doon an' blether
> At the milkin' o' the kye.
>
> Away then! fickle fortune
> An' a' that's in a name,
> I wadna gie my Nannie
> For a' the glint o' fame.
> For in our sun bit shielin'
> We'll cuddle by and by,
> An' the deil may take the weather
> An' the deil may milk the kye.

GEORGE MOFFAT.

The Love of Woman.

For Saturday Night.

It was first:
When Eve first glanced on Adam's grace,
The while her heavenly charms revealing,
She throned earth's monarch in his place,
Her words from angel language stealing:
"My Love! My King!"

It was ever:
Since woman's heart can ne'er forget,
Her bliss from that first moment counting,
Down though the ages, regretful yet,
All cruelty and wrong surmounting:
"My Love! My King!"

It is last:
To-day, this moment, ceaseless, clear,
Above the roar of earth's commotion,
Through storm or tears, man's heart can hear,
The throbbings of his Queen's devotion:
"My King! My Love!"

A. COX.

"A Little Music"

> Prithee, does society
> Do its duty properly
> To its neighbor when it ventures to enthrall him
> In that state of martyrdom,
> Be it rout or kettledrum,
> To which the words At Home have pleased to call him?
>
> "A little music" seems
> Just to realize our dreams
> Of how to pass a pure and pleasing hour;
> But sweet dreams are left behind
> When, arriving there, we find
> That the amateurs have got us in their power.
>
> Packed like sardines in a box,
> Spoiling buttonholes and frocks,
> Calmly callous, through habitual endurance,
> To the high soprano's shake,
> Or the deep contralto's break,
> Or the tenor's *mezza voce* and assurance,
>
> There we stand, a meeting crowd,
> To whom speech is disallowed,
> Save his Bravo! to the sycophant (the sinner!);
> Till at midnight, two and two,
> We are marshalled down to view
> The relics of the late lamented dinner.
>
> "A little music," O,
> Those afternoons of woe,
> Striking terror to the heart at every true man!
> "Four to seven," can's we see
> Martha pouring out tea
> And Mary pouring out her soul in Schumann?
>
> The truth is, people like
> Their own ideas to strike
> On the touch wood of some sympathising tinder,
> And will often vote a bore
> What they otherwise adore,
> If it chance a *concerte intime* to hinder.
>
> So, nine hostesses, forego
> Your little music show!
> Would the prospect of your guests then seem alarming?
> Nay, let them chaff and chaff,
> And a "special cuvee" quaff,
> And they'll vow your party's really quite too charming!

—*London World.*

A Picture For Cynics.

> Come hither, ye world-hardened cynics who ask
> Is marriage a failure, ye women who sold
> The blue of your eyes and the silk of your hair
> And the rose of your flesh for a millionaire's gold,
> And open the gate and cast up by the path
> Where the lilies are lifting their leaves of white,
> And, parting the roses that wreathe it around,
> I pray you look in at my window to-night!
>
> The lamp dimly burns 'neath its amethyst globe,
> Above it a bird twitters low in its cage;
> On the table my pipe, with its handle of pearl,
> Has been carelessly dropped on the half-written page;
> Beside it a lace scarf has been left behind,
> Where he laid it a moment ago, when to me
> Half ed a glance full of love and I came
> From the heights of Parnassus to sit on his knee.
>
> With my hand on his breast and my cheek to his arm,
> The events of our courtship we fondly recall,
> From the bright summer morn when we met and we loved,
> To the noon we were wed in the splendor of fall.
> "But the wife she is dearer by far than the bride,
> And our love has grown greater," he says, with a kiss,
> And he presses me close—oh, cynics look in
> Through the tangle of roses and envy our bliss!
>
> He is lover and friend is this husband of mine,
> And my joys and my sorrows to him I confide;
> And not even a king in his armies and crown
> Could woo me or win me away from his side.
> For I know that our souls, when they sprang from the stars
> Were betrothed by the angels in heaven above,
> So ye scoff—ye who stand in the darkness without,
> Let your voices be mute in the presence of love!

MERRIE IRVING

Noted People.

Old Gabriel, a Tulare Indian, died in California at the age of 151.

Julia Ward Howe is the best Greek scholar of her sex in the United States.

James Russell Lowell recovers his health very slowly. He is still unable to do any work.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has made considerable money from her Florida orange groves.

On the other side of the Atlantic the widow of Gen. McClellan has been showered with social attentions.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland has gone to Florida. A large reception was given her in New Orleans before her departure.

Mrs John A. Logan is an accomplished carpenter, and fills her house with skilful conveniences of her own contriving.

An American girl once asked the late duke of Manchester whom he considered the most beautiful woman in England. His reply was laconic, even though a trifle vain, not to say vulgar: "My duchess," he said, proudly.

Mrs. Garfield is now 58 years of age. She is somewhat stouter than of old, and her hair is whiter than in the days of her Washington life. She is said to look prettier in her mourning costumes than in the brighter colors that she used to wear.

Tennyson is said to have written Come into the Garden, Maud, more than fifty times before it suited him. Locksley Hall was written in two days, but Tennyson spent the greater part of six weeks, working eight hours a day, in altering and polishing it.

Madame Pommery, a Frenchwoman of decided business ability, has directed for the last twenty years an extensive wine business. She assumed control of it at her husband's death. Madame Pommery was noted for her charity and generosity. The Gleaners, by Millet, for which she paid $80,000, is willed to the Louvre.

The German Empress is forming a League for the Preservation of Good Habits among Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury in every form, both for themselves and their friends; to wear fewer, more simple, and cheaper dresses, and to practice rigid economy in their households.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who introduced the game of polo in this country, has been hunting up its pedigree, and finds that it was a favorite sport at the court of the Mikado (whose "object" even then seems to have been the cultivation of "innocent merriment") more than a thousand years ago.

J. G. Whittier, the American poet, writes to a friend in London: "I have reached a time of life when literary notoriety is of small consequence; but I shall be glad to feel that I have not altogether written in vain—that my words for freedom, temperance, charity, faith in the divine goodness, love of nature, and of home and country, are welcomed and approved."

At the closing public reception at the White House a fortnight ago Mrs. Harrison did a very graceful thing. Among the promiscuous crowd was a crippled girl on crutches. Mrs. Harrison departed from her usual rule of not shaking hands in favor of the lame girl and then asked her to sit down and rest and stay as long as she liked. The girl's face shone with pleasure and gratification.

Mrs. Richard R. Paulison, whose winter home is the house built by the Marquis de Talleyrand, on the St. John's River, Florida, is considered the best marksowman in the South. She wears on her excursions a hunting costume with short skirts and leathern leggings, and has killed an eagle on the wing, bagged thirty birds with her shot-gun, and hit a coot's head with a rifle at two hundred yards.

For many years the Rev. Father Walsh, a humble priest, has watched over a parish of poor fishermen and laborers on the bleak shores of Newfoundland. In March an epidemic of diphtheria swept over the settlement, calling Father Walsh to the cure of bodies as well as of souls. Out of forty cases which he nursed night and day only one proved fatal; but the good priest himself, when his flock was safe, took the disease, and died of exhaustion.

Mrs. Edna Dean Proctor, the poetess, is a woman of middle age, with gray hair that is combed back over a broad forehead. She has an ample income, that raises her above any dependence on the pen. She at one time lived in Peoria, Ill., and is a typical western woman.

Madame Furtado-Heine, who is as kind as she is rich, has the most distinguished Israelitish salon in Paris, after those of the Rothschild family. She is one of the two or three women who have ever been privileged to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, which was bestowed on her in acknowledgment of the many charitable institutions which she has founded and endowed.

Mrs. Wanamaker, the wife of the American postmaster-general, keeps one or two persons busy during the fruit season canning and preserving. The good things thus stored away are all given to poor people. Mrs. Wanamaker's charities are so extensive that she employs a woman whom she can trust to investigate all cases and sift the deserving from the impostors.

Amelie Rives Chanler, the author of The Quick and the Dead, is one of the few writers of passionate novels who can relate a personal experience startling enough for one of her own stories. She has taken up painting now, and while studying in Paris attracted the admiration of a fellow student, who fell in love with her. The fair author being a married woman, but, like the teetotal Irishman, "not a bigoted one," rejected his overtures firmly, but did not think it necessary to decline his further acquaintance. He failed to appreciate her gentle toleration, and continued to pay hopeless court to her, not desisting even when Mr. Chanler came over and took his wife for a trip to Algiers. He followed the couple there, and, on being at last convinced of the futility of his suit, paid Amelie the final compliment of blowing out his brains. So ended a romantic little tragedy of real life which reads like an episode out of a story book.

A Week in Cuba---No. 10.

The morning following our arrival at Cienfuegos we had the offer of coffee and fruit from six till eight o'clock. The coffee was not very bad and the fruit consisted of oranges and bananas which were not specially good. The ladies clamored for bread and butter. After considerable delay they obtained some rolls but no butter. The interpreter endeavored to explain that butter was not used in Cuba, that it was difficult to get and very hard to keep. However they insisted on butter and finally they got some, mottled in appearance and old and strong enough to toddle and push a chair across the floor. At this point discontent with the bill of fare of Hotel Union ripened into revolt, but no other butter could be procured. At ten o'clock breakfast was ready: Fish fried in batter, potatoes fried in grease, bananas fried in sugar, veal cutlets fried in spoiled canned tomatoes, hair oil and corn meal. There were several other dishes quite as appetizing, coffee and fruit. The wall that went up from the party of sixteen was touching. The interpreter was pulled about and implored to order something fit to eat. After considerable waiting he was seen returning with a waiter who bore in triumph a hunk of the mottled butter and some rolls. He explained that as the Americans were so fond of bread and butter in the morning he had, with infinite difficulty and regardless of expense, procured some more.

Four of us drove out to a sugar plantation a few miles from the city and it was the pleasantest excursion I had while in Cuba. On a beautiful upland which slopes down to the harbor the sugar cane was growing in vast fields. Men were cutting it much as we cut our Indian corn, trimming it and piling it on two-wheeled ox carts, each of which held about a ton. These carts are drawn by two yokes of oxen, the yokes being lashed to the heads of their horns with rawhide ropes, preventing the animals from swinging their heads. It is a barbarous custom but one which prevails generally in Spanish America. Small ropes are fastened through the cartilage of the noses of the oxen and very frequently the cartilage is so distended by the jerking of these ropes that it hangs down in a loop three or four inches long. The carts have wooden axles which are never greased, and the creaking of the loaded vehicles can be heard a mile away. As we ascended the gentle upland the horizon marked everywhere except city-ward by royal palms, the roadside bright and beautiful with bushes and tall grasses, great seas of waving sugar-cane in the valley just below us the creaking of the carts and the shouting of the drivers sounded strangely in unison with the tropical landscape and filled the scene with life and interest not easily to be forgotten.

The country roads of Cuba are even worse than the streets of the towns. Pathmasters and statute labor are evidently unknown. The ruts were so deep and the grass so tall that part of the time the carriage was pitching and rolling about like a boat in a billowy sea of grass, bushes and flowers. There were no houses on the estate we visited except those gathered around the sugar mill which is not by any means one of the largest and old, with its ten tons of sugar per day. Some of them will turn out fifty or sixty tons and are lighted with electricity, so they can be run all night during the busy season. The cane brought in by the ox teams is fed into a crusher, the juice runs into a vat beneath, and the pulp is taken away by carriers quite similar to those which remove straw from a threshing machine. It does not improve the appetite for sugar to see the filth, squalor and disease of the poor peons who toil amongst the cane. The stream of juice from the crusher is dark, brown, muddy looking stuff. The pulp is taken away from the end of the carriers by ox carts, spread over the fields to dry, after which it is taken back and used for fuel in the furnace of the engine. The good oxen haul in the cane, the old wrecks haul away the pulp. Some of the latter are pitiable objects, thin and old, with sore heads, distorted hoofs and mangy hides. Mr. Housum suggested that this was the class of cattle from which Hotel Union procured the veal we had for breakfast. Not a man in the building could speak English, but a *major domo* was procured from the field and told us with pardonable pride that he had learned our language during a two years' residence in New York. At the rate which he had acquired the English tongue it would have taken him fifteen or twenty years more to master it, as we found he had a good deal of difficulty in finding out what we wanted to know. He wore a big sombrero and a sword, the sword I presume to defend himself from unruly laborers. He was the only man, woman or child who refused our tips while we were in Cuba.

From the vats the juice is pumped into large cylindrical boilers where it is boiled, going from one to the other until when it is about the consistency of King street mud it is poured into a cylinder around the heated surface of which it is made to revolve with such rapidity that it cannot burn. There the last moisture is extracted from it. It pours out of the bottom dry and bright and about the color of ordinary old-fashioned muscovado sugar. In this state sugar is sweeter than after it is further refined and it is in this stage of its manufacture that it is shipped in bags all over the world. Such portion of the sweet stuff as will not make sugar is turned into rum and a middle grade is manufactured into molasses.

All the modern machinery in the sugar mill is of New York manufacture though some of the older portion of the equipment was of Cuban make. American machinery is much prized in Cuba. Electric light companies are putting in motors and lights all over the island, which it must be remembered is a large one, being seven hundred miles long with an average width of from sixty to a hundred miles. The railway cars, road iron and locomotives are of Yankee make. The machinery in the steamboats and mills is from New York and New Jersey, and Cuba taken altogether is one of Brother Jonathan's best customers and should be a large consumer of Canadian goods, but it isn't.

After going through the mill, which was well lighted and cleanly kept and managed by a very polite gentleman to whom it was impossible for us to intelligibly express our thanks, I asked our guide to take us to the quarters where the workmen lived, that I might get an idea of the home life of the dusky and tattered people I had seen about the mill and in the fields. Slavery has been abolished in Cuba but a very few years, and nearly all the negroes now on the plantation have been slaves. A large building, probably forty feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet long, contains the homes of the hundred and fifty employes, men, women and children. It is a brick building with no windows at the back and but few in front, the few being small and high above the ground. There is but one door, and entering this we looked down a hall, some twelve or fifteen feet wide, lighted by the windows. The balance of the building was divided into rooms eight or ten feet wide and probably twenty in length. No windows looked from these dungeons into the outer air. All the ventilation that is obtained is from the hall. These were the quarters of the slaves, each apartment being set apart for a family. There is no floor and the filth and stench of that slave pit when crowded can be imagined by those who get a whiff of it when it is empty and ventilated. Sitting in the doorways which opened into that long hall were toothless and shrivelled negro women who probably had known no other home. How in God's providence people could live in such a hole without rising in revolt and killing their masters I cannot imagine. It seems to me that anyone with intelligence sufficient for conspiracy could never have endured such a life as the slaves must have led there, yet a life not much more desirable is continued by those who are now free.

I believe I did get some little inkling of why the slaves had been so tame. A half-a-dozen blood hounds were lying about in the sun, their opal eyes blinking fiercely as we approached. I do not think there is anything I am afraid of except a dog, and I have very good reason to look with suspicion on the canine race, a white bull dog having chewed my leg for a half an hour one evening when I was a twelve-year-old boy. I thought I was on good terms with that dog until he took hold of me, but since the neighbors pried his mouth open and took my leg out I have never been quite sure whether I was on friendly terms with a dog or not. However I was quite positive that those bloodhounds were no friends of mine. One big liver-colored beast, as soon as I had got within about twenty feet of the building, made a dive for my lame leg and I felt sure that he was going to have a piece of it before two negro women persuaded him to let me alone. Indeed our guide unsheathed his sword and seemed to have himself no relish for the dogs. I would have inspected the quarters much more minutely if I had not felt sure that in a minute or two more the colored women would lose what little control they had over the savage beasts, and I and my friends would be torn to pieces. Mr. Housum is a very brave man and has been through the war, but said he could not see anything but the eyes of those dogs and he would like to go back to the carriage, and we went. I have heard of the fierceness of bloodhounds and I have seen so-called specimens in Uncle Tom's Cabin shows, but to see the savage in his native lair is enough to take one's appetite away for any further adventures with dogs of that sort. A big bell surmounts the slave pen and I could imagine, when some poor black beggar had escaped, the clang of its iron tongue and the baying of the dogs would make him almost drop dead with fright. He might have had time to get to the sea and throw himself in it, but slaves seldom committed suicide, very few uneducated people do. It is a sort of a cultivated taste I reckon. Then there was a fort, a round tower, with port holes, in which the retainers of the plantation defended themselves against revolutionists—the revolu ion business appears to have always been one of Cuba's leading industries.

On our return we visited the reservoir on the hill. It is a charming place surrounded by flowers and shrubs and the view over the city and harbor is magnificent. A shrivelled but bright-eyed old woman was in charge and she gave us posies and many courtesies in return for our small "tip." Then we saw the schools and colleges and infirmary—very fair indeed for so small a place. It was a pleasant afternoon—the brightest in the history of my Cuban week. There were only four of us together, and one has already gone to the Great Beyond. A letter I received while I have been writing, tells me of the death of Mrs. Housum of Decatur, Ill.—the wife of my special companion, whose name has now and then appeared in these letters. While we journeyed together she was about the only one of the party who had no ailment—her mission was ministering to her husband, who was suffering from a throat complaint which made it impossible for him to spend his winters in the North. Her unfailing patience and geniality, her goodness and sweet face rise up before me as I write and it is not Cuba I see but the dead wife of my friend, so I will say good-night. DON.

'Varsity Chat.

Trinity men have our sympathy in the loss of Prof. Boys. We are exceedingly busy just now with the plague of our existence, but we do not forget the misfortune of our fellow-students at Trinity. We know how we felt ourselves when the lamented Dr. Young passed from the scene of his unique labors. The shadow has likewise fallen on McMaster. Our thoughts include her also. The ruthless reaper has been busy among us of late. Fred Massey, whom all have now heard of, was a member of the class of '90. Though he had not been a student in attendance for some time he was well remembered as kindly and enthusiastic, one of whom none could ever think a hard thought. His patient struggle for life and the light of the sun leaves an example of courage which the wise may learn from, while the victory of the darker fate reminds us that not all the buds on 'Varsity trees may break forth into blossom.

Plans have been approved for the reconstruction of the building. The authorities cannot be accused of sloth at any rate, whatever testimony the future may bear as to their discretion. The change which would force itself most clearly on the original designers is the amount of space devoted to the use of the lady undergraduates. The world moves.

President L. P. Duff, B.A., LL.B. of the Literary Society is confined to his home with a severe attack of inflammation in the eyes. No doubt, however, the said eyes will be wide open next fall to look after the interests of the society. Meantime matters are in the hands of his subordinate officers, good hands though. NEMO.

The Opening of the Plan.

One of the most amusing results of the old rule, "First come first served," is that which obtains among patrons of opera and drama when the plan for an important engagement is about to be opened. We have had a striking example of it within the past two weeks. A great singer or player appears upon the dramatic horizon. An advertisement appears in due course to the effect that tickets for the "great one" will be for sale at a certain place and at a certain time on a certain morning. A few years ago the play-going public was content to appear about an hour or so before the appearance of the ticket purveyor; but as the increase of anxious waiters multiplied, just so did the laudable ambition in the public breast of being first upon the field. But now the point of intensity has been surely reached, when it is absolutely necessary in order to secure an early interview with the wielder of the evening's position, either to hire a messenger boy, or bribe the office youth to sit up all night, or to send a drowsy footman amid the first blushes of the morning to gain and maintain a position in the weary Indian file of ticket buyers. Surely that small boy must think, with the preacher, "all is vanity" as he sits or stands as the case may be from night to lusty morn, at the risk of rheumatism or lumbago or many others of "the ills that flesh is heir to" (for must not he turn literary with such a night of meditations), and all that his employer may hear a clearer tone or catch a better glimpse of the footlight favorite. But even dismal night hath alway morn, and the sufferings of the waiter are all forgotten as he pockets his fee of 25 cents per hour, and changes place with him who had engaged him.

This agency business, as it may be called, reminds one forcibly of the way Mark Twain climbed the ladders in Switzerland and which he so graphically describes in The Tramp Abroad. He who is there through his agent, who on his part may be there through a subagent—a case not uncommon—enjoys the same advantages as if he had taken his early watch long before the dawn and had spent the weary hours of waiting listening to the morning stars singing together, the dizzy chorus of the bacchanalian roysterer, the tinkle of the first car, the route boys' airy tread and soul-stirring whistle and kindred sounds that usher in the early morn. The first man at the opening of the Albani plan is said to have taken his place at 1 a.m. It is to be hoped he enjoyed his money or his music. He deserved them both. A. C. A.

Gleams from a Lesser Light.

In regard to my appointment with Albani, a mistake had been made. Madam's daintily-written note expressing her regret at the mistake in the time went far to console me; but I lost my few moments' conversation with the prima donna.

Instead I enjoyed a little chat with Miss Claire, who is a Torontonian with a loyal little corner in her somewhat Americanized heart for her Canadian birthplace.

She is pleasant and youthful looking, with a gleam in her blue eyes which indicates, if I am not very much mistaken, an ambition that climbs high.

She is a delightful woman to meet in that she does not lay plans for effectiveness, but moves about quite as any woman might in her own home.

"Let me show you my photographs," she said, gathering a number from the mantel.

Here Mr. Claire entered and was presented in a pretty little caressing tone as "my father."

"The photographs are always around," he said as he settled himself in a chair and began to read his letters. "If it is only for a day Edna takes out the portraits," he went on, glancing up.

"It's more home-like with dear, well-known faces about me," said Miss Claire, simply.

The first was one of Patti, a beautifully executed picture, and an excellent likeness the owner said.

The autograph and a little "in remembrance" sentence was written below in a clear sloping hand.

"Tell me about Patti's hair," I said; and Mr. Claire, whose letters could not have been very interesting, laughed out merrily.

"It's real golden red," said Miss Claire.

"And is it pretty?" I went on.

"Yes, very pretty; nicer, I think, than before. She is very sweet, and has been so kind to me," she added, as she put the portrait aside.

Others there were in plenty, fierce-looking tenors and bearded men of music. One portrait had a cluster of violets tacked to the upper corner. I made no remarks, but I had thoughts.

Miss Claire loves her profession, and said quite gravely that she regarded marriage as somewhat of a failure, then naively added, "I shall not marry until I am older."

A well poised head is Miss Claire's chief charm, that, and a little sad expression which hovers about her mouth, even when she smiles. She is an ambitious woman, with great powers of endurance and a fond and tender love for her "poppa" as she caressingly calls her genial father.

From here Miss Claire goes back to New York, where she is engaged to sing for a term of seven weeks in English opera.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Held Up.

Rube (the terror of the plains)—'F yer holler yer go to th' happy huntin' groun's! Gimme that buffler robe! I've trailed yer fer miles.—*Judge.*

Magazines.

Lippincott's Magazine is showing remarkable enterprise in securing all the greatest novelists at home and abroad to contribute to its pages. The May number contains a novelette by Bret Harte entitled A Sappho of Green Springs. That Mr. Harte's residence abroad has not chilled his genius for depicting Western scenes and character is abundantly proven by his latest story, which is one of the brightest and cleverest products of his brilliant pen.

One of the leading features of the Atlantic for May is an ably written article by Agnes Repplier on Literary Shibboleths in which she takes a stand against hypocrisy in literary taste and makes a strong plea for an honest confession of real tastes. An equally interesting article tells of the early literary career of Henrik Ibsen, Mrs. Delands and Mr. James' serials with an excellent chat Over the Teacups complete an unusually good number.

Put Away Ambition.

When once social ambition has taken full possession of the soul of a human being, says the *Epoch*, it means death and destruction to all that is good and worthy in that being. Everything is sacrificed for the attainment of power—honor, duty, purity, everything. What political power is to a man, social power is to a woman—only more so. Rare is the woman of high position who does not abuse her power. But how do most women come by their high positions? Through some man, of course, father or husband. But for the fact that the men who happen to be their protectors have climbed the ladder, dragging the female members of their families with them, ninety-nine out of every hundred women now figuring as society leaders, patronesses of art, forsooth, and the like, would be evolving three meals a day from the raw material and wasting their "enslaving young charms," which now dazzle the world, on the air of a poor man's kitchen. Do these women ever think of this? Does it make them humbly grateful for their good luck, or kind, without condescension, to their less fortunate sisters? Not a bit of it. Hardly a woman of them all who is not arrogant, supercilious, and cruel in her treatment of any woman whose position in point of money, and all that money implies, is not somewhere near equal to her own. In Washington, where the *entree* to what is called good society is said to be easier than elsewhere, there exists a mania, a frenzy, for mingling with people of fashion that is confined to no class. Thousands of women, and not a few men, of small incomes and obscure walks in life, who, anywhere else, would live contentedly in their obscurity, are victims of this frenzy. No depth of lying, pretense and toadyism is too deep for them when in pursuit of an invitation to some swell entertainment and the good clothes indispensable to the occasion. And what do they do when they get there? Stand around in corners unknown, unrecognized, their petty attempts at dress eclipsed a hundred fold, the butt of many a witticism from the hostess, who despises them as interlopers, to the servants, who despise them no less; their sole satisfaction the sight of unattainable splendors, the pleasure of exploiting themselves later on among their humble and more sensible neighbors, and occasionally of seeing their names emblazoned next morning in society news as "among those present," by some guileless reporter, new to his business. To this end both men and women sell their souls to the evil one every day in the year in the gay and beautiful city of Washington.

Expeditious Divorce.

"When I first arrived in New Zealand," said an Anglican bishop, "a Maori chief came to me and said he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to re turn to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult; but that he would see what could be done and come back to me in two months. When he returned, he exclaimed: 'Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' I asked: 'What have you done with our dear sister, your first wife?' He replied, smacking his lips: 'I have eaten her.'"

Interpreting the Fine Arts.

"What does it represent?" inquired the visitor, as he stood before the gorgeously colored canvas in the parlor of Mr. Gaswell and strove to decipher its meaning.

"That there paintin'," said the millionaire, proudly, "frame and all, represents nigh onto $750, b' George!"

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

Just at sunset, one bright spring day, the car that plies up and down the inclined plane leading from the foot of Main street up the hills to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, started to make the ascent with its load of precious human freight.

The car was full of passengers, though not crowded, while among the occupants there were several young people, whose bright faces and animated manner bespoke how light of heart and free from care they were—what a gladsome, delightful place the world seemed to them.

One young lady, who was seated about midway upon one side of the car, attracted especial attention.

She was, perhaps, seventeen years of age, slight and graceful in form, with a lovely, piquant face, merry blue eyes, and a wealth of curling golden hair that clustered about her white head in bewildering profusion.

She was richly dressed in a charming costume of tan-brown, trimmed with a darker shade of the same color. Upon her head she wore a jaunty hat of fine brown straw, with a wreath of pink apple blossoms partially encircling it, and fastening on one side with a rosette of glossy brown satin ribbon, also of brown. A dainty pair of bronze boots incased her small feet, and her hands were faultlessly gloved in long suede gauntlets, a small, brown velvet bag, with silver clasps, hung at her side, and in her lap lay an elegant music roll of Russia leather.

Everything about her indicated that she was the petted child of fortune and luxury. Her beautiful eyes were like limpid pools of water reflecting the azure sky; her lips were wreathed with smiles; there was not a shadow of care upon her delicate, clear-cut face.

Directly opposite her sat a young man whose appearance indicated that his circumstances were just the reverse, although no one could ever look into his face without feeling impelled to take a second glance at him.

He was tall and stalwart of form, broad-shouldered, full-chested, straight of limb, with a massive head set with a profusion of curling, well-shaped neck. He looked the personification of manly beauty, strength and health.

His face was one that, once seen, could never be forgotten. It was grave and sweet, yet having a certain resolute expression about the mouth which might have marred the expression somewhat had it not been for the mirthful gleam which now and then leaped into his clear, dark-brown eyes, and which betrayed that, beneath the gravity and dignity which life of care and the burden of poverty had chiseled upon his features and imparted to his bearing, there lurked a spirit of quiet drollery and healthy humor.

His features were strong and regular; the brow full and shapely, the nose aquiline, the mouth firm, the chin somewhat massive. He was a powerful face—a good face; one to be trusted and relied on.

The young man was, perhaps, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, though at first his dignified bearing might lead one to imagine him to be even older than that.

He was clad in a very common suit, which betrayed his poverty, while at his feet, in a basket, lay a plane and saw, which indicated that he belonged to the carpenter craft.

The pretty girl opposite stole more than one curious and admiring look at this poor young Apollo, only to encounter a similar, though wholly respectful, glance from his genial and expressive eyes, whereupon the lovely color would come and go on her fair cheek, and her eyes drooping shyly beneath her white lids.

When the car left its station at the base of the plane and began to make its ascent, not one among all its passengers had a thought of the terrible experience awaiting them—of the tragedy following so closely in their wake.

It had nearly reached its goal; another minute and it would have rolled safely into the upper station and have been made fast at the terminus.

But suddenly, something underneath seemed to let go; there was an instant's pause, which sent a thrill of terror through every heart; then there began a slow retrograde movement, which rapidly increased, until, with a feeling of terror that is utterly indescribable, the ill-fated people in that doomed car realized that they were being hurried swiftly downward toward a sure and frightful destruction.

Cries and shrieks and groans filled the place. There was a frantic rush for the door, the doomed victims seeking to force their ways out of the car to leap recklessly from the flying vehicle, and trust thus to the faint hope of saving their lives.

But both doors were securely fastened—they were all locked within their prison; there was no hope of escape from it and the terrible crash in waiting there.

When the beautiful girl whom we have described realized the hopeless situation, she gave one cry of horror, and seemed to grow suddenly and strangely calm, though a pallor like that of death settled over her face, and a look of wild despair leaped into her eyes.

Involuntarily she glanced at the young man opposite her, and she found his gaze riveted upon her with a look of intense yearning, which betrayed that he had forgotten himself; that all his fear was for her; that the idea of seeing her, in all her bright young beauty, dashed in pieces, crushed and mangled, had overpowered all sense of his own personal doom.

She seemed to read his thoughts, and like one in a dream of nightmare, she almost unconsciously stretched forth her hands to him with a gesture which seemed to appeal to him to save her.

Instantly he arose to his feet, calm, strong, resolute.

His face was as pale as hers, but there was a gleam in his eyes which told her that he would not spare himself in the effort to save her.

"Will you trust me?" he murmured, hoarsely, in her ear, as he caught her trembling hands in his.

Her fingers closed over his with a frantic clutch; her eyes seemed to read his question aloud.

"Yes! yes!" Her white lips framed the words, but no sound issued from them.

The car had now attained its full velocity; a moment or two more and all would be over, and there was not an instant to lose.

The young man reached up and grasped with his strong, sinewy hands the straps which hung from the supports above his head.

"Quick now!" he said to his almost paralyzed companion; "stand up, put your arms about my neck, and cling to me for your life."

She looked helplessly up into his face; it seemed as if she had not the power to move—to obey him.

With a despairing glance from the window and a groan of anguish, he released his hold upon the straps, seized her hands again, and locked them behind his neck.

"Cling! Cling!" he cried, in a voice of agony.

The tone aroused her; strength came to her, and she clasped him close—close as a person drowning might have done.

He straightened himself thus, lifting her several inches from the floor of the car, seized again the straps above and swung himself also clear, hoping thus to evade somewhat the terrible force of the shock which he knew was so near.

He was not a second too soon; the crash came, and with it one frightful volume of agonizing shrieks and groans; then all was still.

The car had been dashed into thousands of pieces, burying beneath the debris twenty human beings.

A group of horrified spectators had gathered in the street at the base of the plane, when it was rumored that the car had broken up upon the cable, and had watched with quaking hearts and bated breath the awful descent.

When all was over, kind and reverent hands began the sad work of exhuming the unfortunate victims of the accident.

It was thought a miracle that all were dead—that not one had escaped; that every soul had been hurled, with scarcely a moment's warning, into eternity.

The brave young carpenter was found lying beneath two mangled bodies, with the beautiful girl whom he had tried to save clasped close in one of his arms; the other lay crushed beneath him.

"Brother and sister," some one had said, as bending over them, he had tried to disengage the lovely girl from his embrace.

He had only been stunned, however, by the shock, when the car struck, and he now opened his great brown eyes, drawing in a deep, deep breath, as if thus taking hold anew of the life that had so nearly been dashed out of him.

This was followed by a groan of pain, and he became conscious that he had not escaped altogether unscathed.

"Is she safe?" he gasped, his first thought, in spite of his own sufferings, being for the girl for whom he had braved so much, while he tried to look into the white, still face hidden upon his breast.

They tried to lift her from him, but her little hands were so tightly locked at the back of his neck that it was no easy task to unclasp them.

"She is dead," a voice said, at last when he was removed, and some one tried to ascertain if her heart was still beating; "the shock has killed her."

"No, no!" sobbed the now completely unnerved young carpenter; "do not tell me that she is—dead."

"Who are you, my poor fellow? Where do you live? Shall we take you to the hospital, or do you want to go home?" they asked him.

"Oh, no, not to the hospital; home to my mother," the young man returned, with difficulty, for his sufferings seemed to increase as he came to himself and realize.

"Where to?" they inquired.

"No, — Hughes street," the poor fellow gasped, and then fainted dead away.

They had not thought to inquire if the young girl was his sister, but they took it for granted that she was, so they laid them side by side and bore them away to Hughes street.

They found, upon inquiry, that the house referred to was occupied by a Mrs. Richardson.

The woman was sewing when the sad cortege arrived at her home, but a latch-key was found in the pocket of the young man, by which an entrance was effected, and they deposited him upon a bed in a small room leading from the sitting-room, while the young girl was laid upon a lounge in the neat and cozy parlor. Then they hastened away to procure a physician to examine the injuries of the two sufferers.

Mrs. Richardson returned, just about the time that the surgeon arrived, to find that her only son had been one of the victims of the horrible tragedy, a rumor of which had reached her while she was out, and that a young and lovely girl had also been brought, through mistake, to her home.

The surgeon turned his attention at once to this beautiful stranger, who, to all appearance, seemed beyond all human aid; but during his examination his face suddenly lighted.

"She is not dead," he said; the shock has only caused suspension of animation. Her heart beats, her pulse is faint, but regular, and I cannot find a bruise or a scratch anywhere about her."

He gave her into the hands of some women, who had come to offer their services, with directions how to apply the restoratives, he prescribed, and then turned his attention to the son of the house, who by this time had recovered consciousness and was suffering intense pain from his injuries.

His mother was bending over him in an agony of anxiety and suspense, while she strove, in various ways, to relieve his sufferings.

"Wallace—Wallace!" she cried, "how did it happen that you were going up in that car at this time of the day?"

"I cannot tell you now—some other time," he returned.

Then turning to the surgeon, who entered at that moment, he strove to stifle his groans in his anxiety to learn how it fared with the girl whom he had so bravely tried to save.

"How is she?" he asked, eagerly.

"She is not injured; there is not a bone broken that I can discover, and she will do well enough unless the shock to her nerves should throw her into a fever or bring on prostration," the doctor replied.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the carpenter, and then fainted away again.

A thorough examination of his condition revealed the fact that two ribs had been fractured and his left arm broken in two places, while it was feared that there might be other internal injuries.

All that could be done for him was done at once, and, though weak and exhausted, he was otherwise comparatively comfortable when the surgeon got through with his work.

He then turned his attention once more to the fair girl in the other room.

"You will have your hands more than full, Mrs. Richardson, with your son and daughter ill at once," he remarked. "You must have an experienced nurse to assist you."

"The poor girl is not my daughter; I do not even know who she is," the woman replied as she bent over the beautiful stranger with a tender motherly face.

"Not your child! Who can she be, then?" her companion inquired, in surprise.

They searched in her pretty velvet bag, hoping to find her card or some address; but nothing was found save some car tickets and a generous sum of money.

The inscription upon her music-roll revealed scarcely more—only the initials "V. D. H." being engraved upon its silver clasp.

She had not recovered consciousness, but still lay so weak and faint that the surgeon did not think it best to question her just then, and, after leaving one more look at his other patient, he went away to other duties, but promised to look in upon them again in a couple of hours.

When he did return he found Wallace comfortable and sobbing; but the young girl was in high fever and raving with delirium.

"Shall I have her taken to the hospital?" Dr. Norton asked of Mrs. Richardson. "The care of both patients will be far too much for you, and her friends will probably find her there before long."

"I cannot bear to let her go," Mrs. Richardson replied, with starting tears. "She is so young, and has been so delicately reared. I know that she would have the best of care, still I recoil from the thought of having her removed. Leave her here for a day or two, and if my son is comfortable, perhaps I can take care of her without neglecting him."

Thus it was arranged, and the physician went away thinking that women like Mrs. Richardson were rare.

Two days later the following advertisement appeared in the Cincinnati papers:

WANTED, information regarding Miss Violet Draper Huntington, who left her home, No. — Auburn ave., on Tuesday afternoon, to take a music lesson in the city. Fears have been entertained that she might have been one of the victims of the Main street accident, but though her friends have thoroughly searched the morgue and hospitals, no tidings of her have as yet been obtained.

Dr. Morton read the above while on his way to visit his two patients in Hughes street, and instantly his mind reverted to the initials engraved upon the unknown girl's music-roll.

"V. D. H." he said, musingly, as his eyes rested upon the name Violet Draper Huntington in the advertisement. "That is my pretty patient; and now I wonder if I ought to relieve her friends looking after you and relieving that poor overworked woman before another twelve hours pass by."

He showed the advertisement to Mrs. Richardson upon his arrival at the house, and she agreed with him that her lovely charge must be the Miss Huntington referred to in the paper.

The girl continued to be in a very critical state. She was burning with fever, was unconscious of her surroundings, was constantly calling upon "Belle" and "Wilhelm" to "help her—to save her."

"She is not so well," the physician said, gravely, as he felt the bounding pulse, "her fever is increasing. I shall go at once to Auburn avenue and inform her relatives of her condition."

CHAPTER II.

V. D. H. IS CLAIMED BY HER FRIENDS.

Dr. Norton easily found the residence of Violet Huntington's friends on Auburn avenue, and as he mounted the massive granite steps and rang the bell of the handsome house he was told the name of Mencke on the silver door-plate.

"Aha! Germans," mused the physician, "wealthy people, too, I judge."

A trim servant in white cap and apron answered his summons, and upon inquiring for Mr. Mencke was ushered into a large room.

He was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, where, upon every hand, evidences of wealth met his eye, and after giving his card to the girl, he sat down to await the appearance of the lady of the house.

She did not tax his patience long; the "M.D." upon the card had evidently impressed Mrs. Mencke with the belief that the physician had come to bring her some tidings of the beautiful girl who had so strangely disappeared from her home a few days previous. She came into the room presently, followed by a man whom Dr. Norton surmised to be her husband.

Mrs. Mencke was a large, rather fine looking woman of perhaps thirty years. Her bearing was proud and self possessed, and, while there was a somewhat arrogant expression on her face, she nevertheless impressed the kind-hearted doctor as a person of selfish nature and lacking in womanly sympathy.

Her husband was a portly man, dark complexioned, and German in appearance. There was a cunning, rather sinister expression on his face; he had small blood shot eyes and a full, shaggy beard, while a pompous swagger in his bearing betrayed an arrogant disposition and excessive pride of purse.

"Dr. Norton," Mrs. Mencke began, without waiting for him to state the errand that had brought him there, "have you come to bring me news of my sister—or was she in that fated car—is she injured—dead?"

"If my surmises are correct, and Miss Violet Huntington is your sister, I can give you tidings of her," Dr. Norton returned.

"Yes, yes; that is her name," Mrs. Mencke interposed.

"Then I am happy to tell you that a young lady of perhaps seventeen or eighteen years was rescued."

"Rescued!" cried Mrs. Mencke, eagerly. "William," turning to her husband, "do you hear? How was she rescued?"

"Perhaps it should not have spoken with quite so much confidence," corrected the doctor. "But the young lady to whom I refer had with her a music roll upon the clasp of which the letters 'V. D. H.' were engraved."

"That must have been Violet," said Mrs. Mencke. She went to the city that afternoon to take her music lesson, as they called it."

"Then she was saved by a young man—a Mr. Wallace Richardson—in the recent accident on the inclined plane. Mr. Richardson was very severely injured, but he has been able to give an account of how he prevented the young lady from being dashed to pieces like many of the other victims of the terrible disaster."

He then proceeded to relate what Wallace had told him had occurred during those few horrible moments when that ill-fated car was plunging at such a fearful rate toward its doom.

Mrs. Mencke appeared to be greatly affected by the thrilling account; but her phlegmatic husband listened to the recital with a stolidity which betrayed either a strange indifference or a wonderful control over his nerves and sympathies.

"Oh! it is the most wonderful thing in the world that she was not killed outright," Mrs. Mencke remarked, with a shiver of horror, "and we have been very anxious. You say that she is seriously ill?" she questioned, in conclusion.

"Yes; the shock to her system has been a serious one, madam," the physician replied, "and, although there is not a scratch or a bruise upon her, she is very ill and delirious at the home of this brave young carpenter to whom she owes so much."

"Young!" repeated Mrs. Mencke, remarking the adjective for the first time, and looking somewhat annoyed. "How old is he?"

"Not much over twenty-four or twenty-four, I should judge," was the reply.

A frown settled upon the woman's brow; but after a moment she asked:

"Do you consider her dangerously ill, Dr. Norton?"

"Yes, madam, she is. Your sister is delicately organized, and her system has had a terrible shock; the horror and fright alone, of those few dreadful moments, were sufficient to unstrung the strongest nerves," the physician gravely replied.

As he said this he happened to glance at Mr. Mencke, and was astonished, nay, he observe a look of unmistakable satisfaction, if not of absolute triumph, flash from his eyes.

What could it mean?

Was it possible that the man, for any secret reason, could desire the death of this young and beautiful girl?

The thought was too horrible, and he shook off the doubt, with a half-suppressed grunt, in answer to his courteous salutation.

"William, do you hear?" his wife now said, turning to him. "Violet is dangerously ill down on Hughes street. I must go to her at once."

"Certainly, of course," responded her better half, with a shrug of his corpulent shoulders.

"She is my sister, though much younger than myself, and I love her as the apple of my eye since the death of our parents," Mrs. Mencke explained. "What can I do?—will it be possible to bring her home?"

"Not at present," Dr. Norton returned, "but it would be well to provide a competent nurse for her where she is, as Mrs. Richardson has her hands more than full with the care of both patients and her domestic duties also."

"Certainly, Violet shall have every attention," the woman responded, somewhat haughtily, while the frown deepened upon her brow at the mention of the people upon whose care her sister had been so strangely thrown.

Dr. Norton was inwardly indignant that neither of his listeners should express the slightest gratitude or appreciation for what brave Wallace Richardson had done to save the young girl's life. Evidently they were not pleased that she should owe so great a debt to so plebeian a source.

Mrs. Mencke now arose and excused herself, saying that she would make ready to accompany the physician to Hughes street to attend to her sister's needs.

"That was a horrible affair," Dr. Norton observed to Mr. Mencke, as she left the room, determined to draw out his reticent companion if that were possible.

"It was beastly," grunted the man, with another shrug: "and the corporation will have a pretty sum to pay for damages. Will—do you think the girl—Violet—will die?" the man leaned eagerly forward, a greedy sparkle in his small black eyes.

A flush of anger and disgust mounted to the good doctor's brow at this question, and like a flash the man's character was revealed to him.

He saw that he was a shrewd, grasping, money-making man, who valued everything and everybody by dollars and cents; that already, instead of feeling gratitude, he was computing the chances of taking some fortune out of the "corporation" in the event of the death of his wife's sister, if, indeed, the girl herself did not possess a fortune which would also fall into his hands should she die.

"I shall do my best to save her, sir; that is, if an allowed to retain the case—and I see no reason why, with proper care, she should not recover," he forced himself to reply as courageously as possible.

"Exactly!" grunted Mr. Mencke, and then he fell to musing again, doubtless computing the chances upon some other money-making scheme.

Presently Mrs. Mencke returned, dressed to go out and bearing a well-filled satchel in her hands. She had hastily gathered a few articles of comfort for her sister.

Dr. Norton and his companion proceeded directly to Hughes street, where Mrs. Richardson welcomed Mrs. Mencke with the utmost kindness and interest, and then conducted her at once to the bedside of the unconscious Violet, who was tossing piteously upon Belle and Wilhelm to save her.

"Belle is here, Violet," said her sister, bending over the sufferer; "you are safe, and nothing can hurt you now."

At the sound of her familiar voice the sick girl glanced up at her and a flash of recognition and the strange thought had come to him that he was perhaps going into eternity with the woman who should have been his wife—with the one kindred soul designed for him by his Maker.

But now the doctor's words had given him a rude shock, and he resolved, rather than allow a suspicion of his affection to make trouble for the sweet girl who had become the one coveted object of his life, to bury it so deep in his heart that no other should ever mistrust it.

(To be Continued.)

A Dilemma.

Biffins has a son who is badly stage-struck. "Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the irate parent, "and you actually propose to dishonor my name on the boards of a theater?"

"Why, father, I would take an assumed one."

"Well, how would that help it? Supposing you were to succeed, much credit I should get if no one knew that I was your father!"

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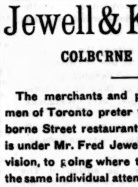

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CHAPTER XLII.

Enid's conscience was not at rest. During her interview with Mr. Evandale she was inclined to think that he knew everything, understood everything—even the difference between right and wrong—better than she herself knew and understood it; but when he was away her heart failed her. What if Hubert cared for her all the time! Would she not then be doing him a grievous wrong by forgetting that she had promised to marry him when she was twenty one? The general's opposition to her engagement would probably vanish like a dream when she was a little older, if she and Hubert showed an inclination to each other. There was no real reason why they should not marry; and Hubert knew that. And what would he say when he heard that she had weakly fallen in love with another man, and wanted to break her word to himself?

Enid shrank back and blushed with shame at the prospect before her. It was all very well for Maurice to say that she must not sacrifice herself; was it not a woman's duty to sacrifice herself for the good of others? She said so to Maurice; and his answer was very ready.

"For the good of others? But do you think it is for Hubert's good to marry a woman who does not love him, and especially if it is a woman whom he does not love?"

"Ah, if I could only be sure of that!" sighed Enid.

She was not long left in doubt. The general could not keep a secret; and, as soon as he and his wife returned to Beechfield, Enid felt that something was wrong—something which concerned herself. Flossy was quiet; she eyed Enid strangely once or twice, but she did not tell her about the events of the past week. It was the general who blurted out, in a pettish fret, kissed her at unusual times, and looked at her with an air of pity that the girl found almost intolerable. After three or four days of it, she broke through her usual rule of reserve, and asked Flossy what the general meant.

"You had better ask him," said Mrs. Vane, arching her delicate brows.

"I have asked him, and he will not tell me."

"I suppose it is simply that Hubert is ill. He thinks probably that you are distracted by anxiety about him.

Enid colored guiltily.

"But we have good accounts of him," she said, as if explaining away her own apparent indifference; "he is going on as well as we can expect. And I suppose you would be with him if he were dangerously ill?"

"I am not sure of that," said Flossy rather drily; but she would say no more.

It was after breakfast one morning that Enid insisted upon being satisfied. She and the general had, as usual, breakfasted together, and a letter had just been received from the doctor in attendance on Hubert, over which the general coughed, fidgeted, and was evidently so much disturbed that Enid's attention was roused to the utermost. For the earlier part of the meal she had been sitting with her hands clasped before her, not attempting to touch the food on her plate. She had no appetite; she had passed a bad night, and was little inclined to talk. But the general's movements and gestures excited her curiosity.

"Have you had bad news, uncle Richard?"

"No, no, my dear! He's going on very well—very well indeed."

"You mean Hubert?"

"Yes—yes, of course! Whom else should I mean? You needn't be alarmed about him at all; he'll soon be about again."

There was a tone of mingled vexation and perplexity in the general's voice. "Is he conscious now?" Enid asked eagerly.

"Well, no—not exactly—light-headed a little, I suppose. At least—

"Who has written, uncle Richard? Can I see the letter?"

"No, no, no! Not for you to read, my dear! It's from the doctor—nothing much—nothing for you to see."

Enid was silent for a few minutes; then she spoke with sudden determination:

"Uncle Richard, you are treating me like a child! There is something that you are hiding from me which I ought to know—I am sure of it! Will you tell me what it is?"

"You are quite mistaken, my dear! There is nothing to tell—nothing, that is, in the least particular—nothing that you need trouble about at all."

"There is something! Oh, uncle Richard"—and she rose from her seat and knelt down beside him, putting one arm around his neck and fixing her wistful blue eyes upon his weather-beaten countenance—"you do not know how much anxiety you cause me by being silent when I am sure that there is something in your mind which concerns me, and which I am not to know! Even if it is a great misfortune—a great sorrow—I would rather know it than imagine all sorts of dreadful things as I do now. Whatever it is, please tell me. It is cruel to keep me in ignorance!"

The general looked puzzled and troubled.

"You had better ask Flossy, dear" he said, pulling the ends of his long white mustache and looking away from the pleading face before him. "If there's anything to tell, she could tell it better than I."

"I don't think so, uncle dear," said Enid softly. Her eyes filled with tears. "I would rather hear evil tidings from your lips than from those of any other person, because—because I know you love me and would not grieve me willingly. Is Hubert worse than I know? Is he—is he dead?"

"Bless my soul, no!" cried the general. "Why, what put that idea into your mind, child? No, no—he is going on as well as possible—upon my word, he is!"

"What is it then, dear uncle Richard?"

"It's his nurse," said the general desperately.

"His nurse?" Enid's eyes grew large with amazement.

"She isn't a proper, respectable, trained nurse at all. She is just an amateur—a young woman who has no business to be there at all—no, much older than yourself, Enid, my dear. That is the reason that Flossy would not stay. We found this young person nursing him, and so we came away. Flossy was very much shocked—very much annoyed about it I can tell you. I wrote to ask if she was still there, and the doctor says she is."

Enid's white cheeks had turned crimson, but more with surprise than with anger. The general crossed one leg over the other, and carefully averted his eyes at the same time.

"I don't mean to say anything against her. Flossy says—but you and I have nothing to do with that—she's not a very nice girl; that is all. These professional singers and actresses seldom are. You don't know anything about such people, my little girl, and it is all the better for you. But Hubert should not have friends among people of that kind. I am very much disappointed in Hubert—very much disappointed indeed!"

"This girl is a friend of Hubert's then?"

"I suppose so. Well—yes, of course."

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"She is a singer, my dear," said the general, putting his arm affectionately round the girl's shoulders, "and she is an uncommonly pretty girl—I don't deny that. Oh, of course there is nothing for you to be anxious about! Hubert befriended her, I believe; and she was grateful, and wanted to repay him—and all that, you know." The general was rather proud of having given this turn to the story.

"But I think that was very kind and good of her," said Enid, with kindling eyes. "Why are you so distressed about it, uncle Richard? I should like to have done the same for poor Hubert too. What is the girl's name?"

"They call her," said the general, looking very much abashed—"they call her Cynthia West. But that isn't her real name."

"Cynthia West?" said Enid, in a low tone. Then she was silent. She was recalling the day when she had questioned Hubert about Cynthia West. He said that he knew her—a little. Could he have meant that he knew "a little" had gone to nurse him in his hour of need! Well, was there anything particularly wrong in that?

The general, having once begun the story, could not keep it to himself.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," he said, "that Hubert came to know her at all. I should have thought that he would steer clear of her—as clear as of poison—when he was engaged to you of all."

"Oh, he would not think of me!" said Enid, quietly. "Why should he have avoided Cynthia West?"

"Why?" said the general, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that made the dishes rattle and caused Enid to give a nervous start. "Why, because she is not Cynthia West at all! She is the daughter of that ruffian—that murderer—to whom your desolate orphaned condition, my poor dear child, is Westwood's child, the man who killed your dear father and ought to have been hanged for it long ago!"

Enid's hand slipped from her uncle's neck. She knelt on, looking up at him with dazed incredulous eyes and quivering white lips. The consumption hour had given a great shock to her trust in Hubert.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she said at last, "Hubert did not know."

"Oh, but he did—he did!" said her uncle, whose memory for dates and details was generally at fault. "If not at once, he knew before very long; and he ought never to have lifted to her again when once he knew. As for all that stuff about his not being quiet unless she was in the room—about her being the only person who could manage him when he was delirious, you know—why, that was stuff and nonsense! They ought to have put a strait-waistcoat and strapped him down to the bed; that would surely have kept him as quiet as any Miss Cynthia West!"

The general said the name with infinite scorn.

"Is that what they said—that he was quiet when she was there?" Enid inquired.

"So they said—so they said! I don't see the sense of it myself," replied the general, feeling that he had perhaps said a little too much.

"Then did he send for her?"

"No, my dear; he was unconscious when she came. I believe that his man Jenkins was at the bottom of it all. He went and told her that poor Hubert was ill."

"But I don't quite understand. If Hubert did not send for her, what right had he to come?"

"You may well ask that. What right indeed! An abominable thing, I call it, for Westwood's daughter to go and nurse one of our family! Don't grieve about it, my darling! If Hubert has lived by her care for a little time, you may be sure that he will be ashamed of himself before very long. He has a good heart, and will not let you go; he loves you too sincerely for that, I am quite sure. So you must not fret."

"I don't; I shall not grieve—in that way, uncle," said Enid quietly, but with perfect calm. "You mean that Hubert cares for her, and that she loves him too?"

"I don't know what she does," said the general, with a rather ominous growl. "I only know that there was some entanglement—understanding—between them—a flirtation, I dare say—young men are not always so careful as they ought to be—and perhaps the girl has taken it seriously.

"Poor girl," said Enid softly—"I am very sorry for her!"

"Sorry? Sorry for Westwood's daughter? Enid, you forget what is due to yourself and to your father! Do not speak of her! Forget her; and rest assured that when Hubert is better he will dismiss her with thanks—if thanks are necessary—and that we shall soon see him here at Beechfield again. And, my dear, when he is better, I will put no further obstacle in your way, if you still desire the—the engagement to go on."

"You forget, uncle Richard," said Enid very quietly, "that there is no engagement."

She had always maintained to herself before that there was one. He looked at her with wonder.

"But, my dear, there was a sort of an understanding, you know; and Flossy always said that you were so fond of each other."

"Flossy did not know," Enid answered coldly. Then she withdrew herself from the general's encircling arm and rose to her feet. "You have told me, yes, uncle," she went on, "what news you had from the doctor this morning."

"Oh, nothing fresh!" said the general, in rather a guilty tone; and then, as she pressed him, he explained further. "You see, my dear child, we thought that this Miss West ought to go away, because none of us can go to see Hubert while she is there—if for no other reason, because she is that man's daughter; and I wrote to the doctor to inquire whether Hubert could not do without her now; and he says, No—that there would be danger of a relapse if she should go."

"Then of course you will say that she must be asked to stay until Hubert is better, uncle."

"Do you think so, my dear?—Certainly."

"But it is naturally very painful to you, and to all of us, to think that Hubert's recovery is dependent on that girl. I call it positively degrading!" said the general, crumpling up his papers and rising from his seat in a sudden fury.

"It is painful—yes," said Enid, with a heavy sigh; "but I suppose that it cannot be helped;" and she turned away, so that he might not see the quivering of her lip or the tear that rolled down her pale cheeks as she said the words.

She went out into the conservatory and sat down among the flowers. She had been too proud to show her uncle how much she was hurt; but, as a matter of fact, she was very deeply wounded by what she heard. Her affections were not bruised—she had never cared for Hubert so little in her life; but her pride received a tremendous blow. Even if he had only flirted with Cynthia West, as the general had suggested, the flirtation was an insult to the girl he had asked in marriage. Indeed it seemed worse to Enid than a *grande passion* would have seemed. For her readings in poetry and fiction had taught her that a genuine and passionate love sometimes caused people to forget their duty and trample the bonds of a previous affection. But the general had not seemed to think that anything of this kind existed; although the fact that Hubert's delirium could not be quieted except in Cynthia's presence showed, even to Enid's innocent eyes, that some strong sympathy, some great mutual attraction, must exist between them. If it were so, Enid asked herself, could she blame him? What had she herself done? Had she not given her heart away to Maurice Evandale, although her word was plighted to Hubert Lepel?

But then, she said to herself, she had never encouraged her cousin, for Hubert's sake, and had not taken the initiative in any way. He need not have asked her to marry him—he might have left her perfectly free. Indeed, indignantly that she had been trifled with—that he had asked her to be his wife without caring to make her so, and that he might perhaps have trifled in the same manner with Cynthia West. If that were the case, Enid Vane said to herself that she could never forgive him. He had profaned love itself—the holiest of earth's mysteries—and she resented the action, although she might gain by it her own freedom and happiness.

It was even possible that this gain might be denied to her. Suppose, when he was better, that he came back and claimed her promise, repudiated Cynthia's attempt to earn his gratitude, and explained his conduct in such a manner that no fair-minded person could refuse him credence? What then could she do! Enid felt that she might not have the strength to fight against him unless Maurice were at her side; and Maurice had, unfortunately for her, been suddenly summoned to the North of England to attend his father's death bed. He had left Beechfield with many fears for Enid's welfare; but he was of course obliged to go, and had had no opportunity of declaring himself to the general as a suitor for Enid's hand before his departure. For the moment therefore Enid was quite alone; and, seeing the net in which she was caught—a net of fraud and trickery and lies—her heart failed her, and she felt herself helpless indeed.

She was in far more danger than she guessed; for Mrs. Vane looked upon her as a deadly enemy, and was resolved that she should never have the chance of confiding what she knew to another person. From what Hubert had said, the girl had made up her mind to tell him all she knew when once she was his wife. To tell Hubert was what Flossy was resolved that Enid should never do. She should never marry Hubert or any other man; sooner than betray Flossy's secrets, Enid Vane should die. The white still woman with the brown eyes and yellow hair was ready to face the chances of detection—ready to take life, if necessary, rather than see her plans defeated and herself disgraced. If Enid got out of the way, she might not be safe; but she would be safer than she was now.

She took note, however, of the warning that Parker had given her. She had been going too fast; she must be more careful for the future. She must proceed by such slow degrees that Mr. Ingledew himself should be deceived. And she must change her plans also; for she found that Enid no longer touched the cooling drinks that were placed beside her every night—the girl said they made her ache for them and sent them away untouched. But surely there were plenty of other ways.

Mr. Evandale had said a few guarded words to Mr. Ingledew about his treatment of Miss Vane, and his remarks had caused the surgeon to send a simple tonic mixture instead of the soothing draughts which had formerly excited some surprise and even some indignation in the rector's mind. He did not much believe in soothing draughts, as he once elicited from Mr. Ingledew that they had been made up in conformity with Mrs. Vane's views of the case rather than according to what Mr. Ingledew himself thought necessary; and a word from the rector, whose medical knowledge was really considerable, caused Mr. Ingledew to change his opinions very speedily. At the same time, tonics, like other things, could be doctored; and, as Mr. Evandale was out of the way, Enid's welfare was for the time being, at Flossy's mercy.

She began to suffer in the old way—from dizziness and nausea and pains for which she could not account, with an utterly inexplicable weakness and languor, different from all her former symptoms. Perhaps Mrs. Vane had altered her treatment. At any rate it was certain that some mysterious factor was at work sending the girl's energy away from her, diminishing her vitality, bringing her, in short, to the very gates of death. And so insidiously did the work proceed that even Parker, who had had experience in such matters, scarcely noticed the advance of Enid's malady. There were no more fainting fits—nothing definitely alarming; but day by day the girl grew weaker; and no one noticed or guessed the reason why.

Enid's nights were restless; but she had not been disturbed since Flossy's return from London by the white figure which she had seen at her bedside. She told herself that Maurice was right—that her nerves had played her false, and that the appearances had been a mere phantasm of her imagination. She quite lost her fear of seeing it again; and, although she had held no further conversation with the rector after Mrs. Vane's arrival in the house she was reassured and strengthened by the remembrance of his words. When she awoke in the night-time now, she knew no fear.

And yet—it was about two weeks after the beginning of Hubert Lepel's illness—her heart gave a wild leap when she opened her eyes one night and saw in her room, by the faint light of a glimmering taper, the ghostly figure of a woman clothed from head to foot in white. She stood, not by the bedside, but by the mantelpiece, as if something—as it a medicine-phial!—in her hand. What the visitant was doing Enid could not exactly see; but she started up; and at the movement the white woman turned and showed her face.

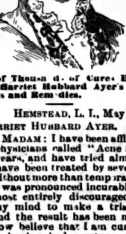
Enid uttered an exclamation—a sort of gasp of terror—for her worst fears were realized. The phantom which she had dreaded had come to her again in spite of Maurice's promises of aid. He had forgotten to pray for her perhaps—the childish notion crossed her mind that perhaps because of his forgetfulness the ghost was there.

But was it a ghost—a phantom of the senses, and not a living woman after all? For the face which met the girl's eyes was not one that she could easily mistake—it was the face of Florence Vane.

(To be Continued.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF

MISS H. F. POWERS



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Births.

COULTER—At Toronto, on April 20, Mrs. John D. Coulter—a son.
CUTHBERT—At Toronto, on April 22, Mrs. R. H. Cuthbert—a daughter.
RICH—At Toronto, on April 24, Mrs. Harry W. Rich—a son.
DELL-SMITH—At Toronto, on April 20, Mrs. C. Dell-Smith—a son.
BLOGG—At Toronto, on April 25, Mrs. A. E. Blogg—a son.
STARK—At Toronto, on April 15, Mrs. Alex. Stark—a son.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on April 17, Mrs. Walter Poulett Thompson—a daughter.
ANDERSON—At Toronto, on April 27, Mrs. J. M. Anderson—a son.
CHEESBROUGH—At Toronto, on April 26, Mrs. A. H. Cheesbrough—a son.
KINZINGER—At Toronto, Mrs. William Kinzinger—a daughter.
ROSS—At Newmarket, on April 23, Mrs. C. G. Ross—a daughter.

Marriages.

HEWARD-HUTTON—At Little Abington, Cambridge, on April 23, Clarence Edin Heward to Mabel Gilby Hutton.
RICHES—HUTTON—At Niagara Falls, on April 22, Ashby R. Riches to Ethel Ida Hutton.
McINTYRE—TAYLOR—At Toronto, on April 23, William John M. McIntyre to Emma J. Taylor.
PLATT—WRAY—At Toronto, on April 3, William Platt to Tilly J. Wray.
ROSE—TINNING—At Toronto, on October 24, 1889, Fred W. Rose to Bessie Florence Tinning.
BRUNTON—ROE—At Newmarket, on April 23, William Albert Brunton to Minnie Laughton Roe.
MacRAE—STEELE—At Kamloops, B. C., on April 17, Rev. D. MacRae to Marion F. Steele.
HODGINS—PATTERSON—At Ottawa, on April 28, George Sherwood Hodgins to Sarah Patterson.
GREIG-BURNS—At Toronto, on April 29, Dr. W. J. Greig to Annie J. Burns.
VODDEN—HALL—At Toronto, on April 29, Thomas C. Vodden to Annie H. Hall.
CHAMBERLAIN—PATTILLO—At Toronto, on April 29, James J. Chamberlain to Annie Pattillo.

Deaths.

GOODLAKE—At London, England, on April 12, Francis Goodlake, aged 67 years.
HODSON—At Toronto, John Thomas Hodsdon, aged 47 years.
ANDREWS—At St. Paul, Minn., on April 26, Frederick Marquis Andrews, aged 31 years.
KENNY—At Toronto, on April 27, Mrs. Jane Kenny, aged 86 years.
PEPLER—At Toronto, on April 26, James Pepler, aged 63 years.
RACEY—At Los Angeles, Cal., on April 12, James Hamilton Racey, aged 33 years.
COULTER—At Toronto, on April 28, infant son of John D. Coulter.
CONIGAL—At Cobourg, on April 27, William Conigal, aged 70 years.
BUTLER—At Walkerton, on April 23, Frederick Butler, aged 61 years.
McGREGOR—At New York, on April 25, Donald Arthur McGregor, aged 42 years.
McDONNELL—At Toronto, on April 25, Thomas J. McDonnell, aged 77 years.
McCOMBE—At Mancelville, on April 25, Mrs. Thomas McComb, aged 70 years.
PHIPPS—At Toronto, on April 25, William B. Phipps, aged 40 years.
ELLIOTT—At Agincourt, on April 16, Janet Elliott
HICKS—At Toronto, on April 26, Amanda Eleanor Hicks, aged 23 years.
MAGUIRE—At Toronto, Christopher Maguire of Brampton, aged 34 years.
DECOFF—At York County, on April 28, George Decoff, aged 54 years.
GORDON—At Toronto, Mrs. D. Gordon of Harrington, Ont., aged 62 years.
BURROUGHES—At Toronto, on April 29, Robert Burroughes, aged 79 years.
REA—At Toronto, on April 27, John Rea, aged 54 years.
JACKMAN—At Toronto, on April 29, Annie Ethel Jackman, aged 12 years.
MOULDER—At Toronto, on April 27, William Moulder, aged 64 years.
PINGLE—At Toronto, on April 30, Theodore William Pingle.
DROHAN—At Toronto, on April 29, David Drohan, aged 48 years.
BROWN—At Toronto, on April 30, Annie Wedd Brown.

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